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by Friend Ann Blyth by Terry Moore

AUG 26 1954

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Screenland TV-LAND

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AUGUST



ANN BLYTH

Hollywood's
Bachelor Husbands

The Loves of
BERACE

Reduce

with *delicious*

KELPIDINE
candy plan!

★ ★ ★

**"We guarantee you will
lose up to**

5 pounds in 5 days*

15 pounds in 15 days*

25 pounds in 25 days*

and keep it off" **

*How Fast You Lose Weight Depends Upon How Quickly
You Order and How Much You Are Overweight

**You Will Always Want to Keep on Eating Kelpidine
Candy — and Keep on the Plan — It KEEPS Weight Off!

**THIS CANDY MUST TASTE AS GOOD AS
OR BETTER THAN YOUR FAVORITE CANDY
OR YOUR MONEY BACK!**

Now at last science has discovered a new delightfully thrilling way to take off fat—to lose up to 25 lbs. safely! The secret is that Kelpidine Candy satisfies your *craving* for high calorie foods! It keeps you from *overeating*—the reason most doctors give for being fat! It's the best aid to will power, cuts your *craving* for foods!

NO DANGEROUS DRUGS! NO HARDSHIP DIETS!

Here is thrilling news for fat folks! You can lose up to 25 lbs. in 25 days by simply nibbling on tasty *appetite satisfying* candy, whenever you are tempted to overeat.

**YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU DON'T REDUCE TO THE
WEIGHT THAT MOST BECOMES YOU!**

Thousands of people were amazed to find that this delicious candy plan actually takes off weight—without dangerous drugs, starvation diet, or hard-to-follow-methods. Here's one way to reduce that you will want to continue with to *keep off fat*! The Kelpidine Candy Plan helps you curb your appetite for fattening foods, helps keep you from overeating. Now you reach for a delicious sweet candy instead of fattening foods—it kills the over-powering urge to overeat—to eat between meal-snacks. Your craving for rich, fattening foods is satisfied with this candy plan. Almost like magic you begin to enjoy this plan for reducing.

SENSATIONAL TWO-WAY GUARANTEE!

This sweet delicious Kelpidine Candy plan is guaranteed (1) to take off up to 10 pounds of excess weight in 10 days. (2) to taste better or as good as your favorite *candy* and to be the best plan you ever followed or you get your money back.

SCIENTIFICALLY AND CLINICALLY TESTED!

That amazing ingredient in Kelpidine candy is the most remarkable discovery for fat people ever made. It's been tested by doctors in test-after-test. The results were far better than doctors ever hoped for! The results were reported in medical journals throughout the world! Doctors are invited to write for details.

IT'S UNHEALTHY TO BE FAT!

Insurance companies and doctors tell everyone that too much fat shortens your life! Fat people die years sooner than people with normal weight! So be Safe! Be Fair to yourself! Start taking off ugly fat with delicious tasting Kelpidine Candy plan!

AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS COMPANY
Candy Division, Dept. K-85
318 Market Street, Newark, New Jersey

- ☐ I enclose \$1.00, send trial sample size, postage pre-paid!
- ☐ Rush a *Liberal Supply* of Kelpidine Candy plan. I enclose \$3.00, send postage pre-paid. (I save up to 75c postage by sending payment with order.)
- ☐ Rush a *Large Economy Supply* of Kelpidine Candy. I enclose \$5.00, send postage pre-paid. (I save up to 90c postage by sending payment with order.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE..... Sent on Approval

**KELPIDINE
CANDY IS
DIFFERENT!**

The amazing clinical tested and proven reducing substance contained in Kelpidine Candy is prescribed by many doctors — Don't be misled by imitation products—Kelpidine Candy is the result of scientific research and is the last word in Reducing.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

You must be entirely satisfied with your loss of weight—This candy must taste as good as or better than your favorite candy—You must get rid of dangerous excess fat or your money will be refunded—Don't delay—You have nothing to lose but excess weight so mail coupon below now!



**As
Advertised
In**

McCall's Needlework

Esquire

VOGUE

Redbook

CHARM

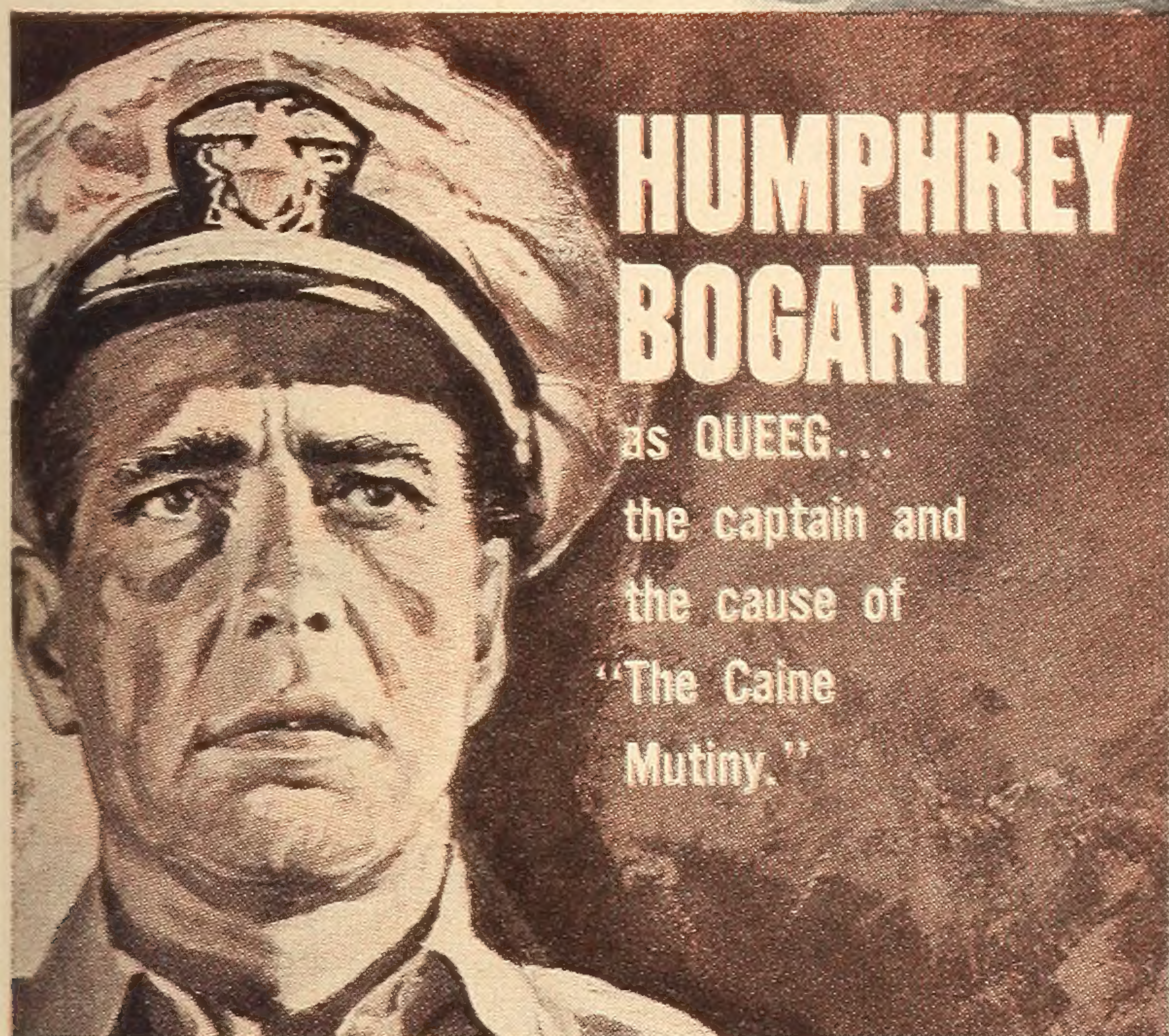
BAZAAR



AUG 26 1954

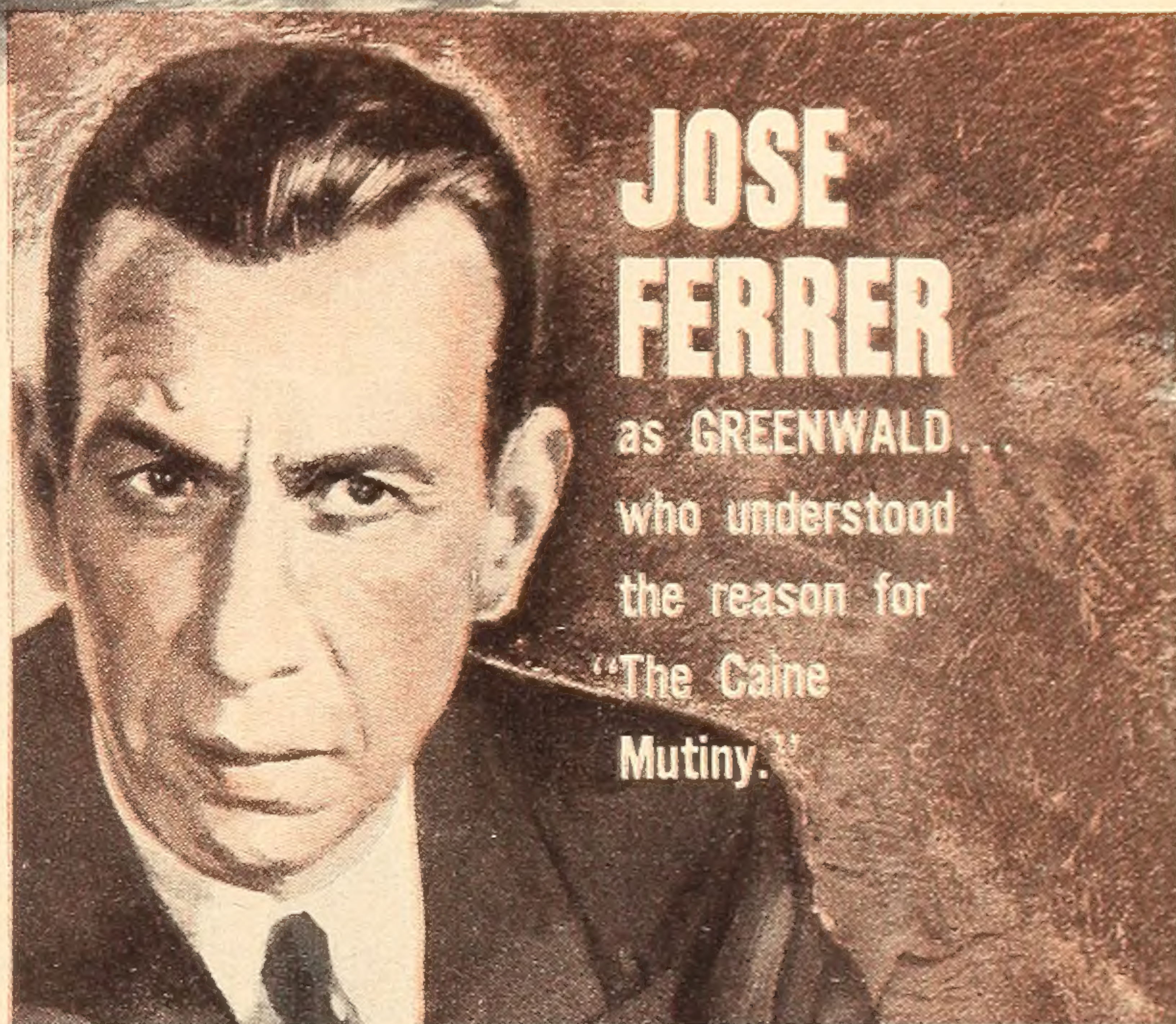
At last on the screen!

THE CAINE MUTINY



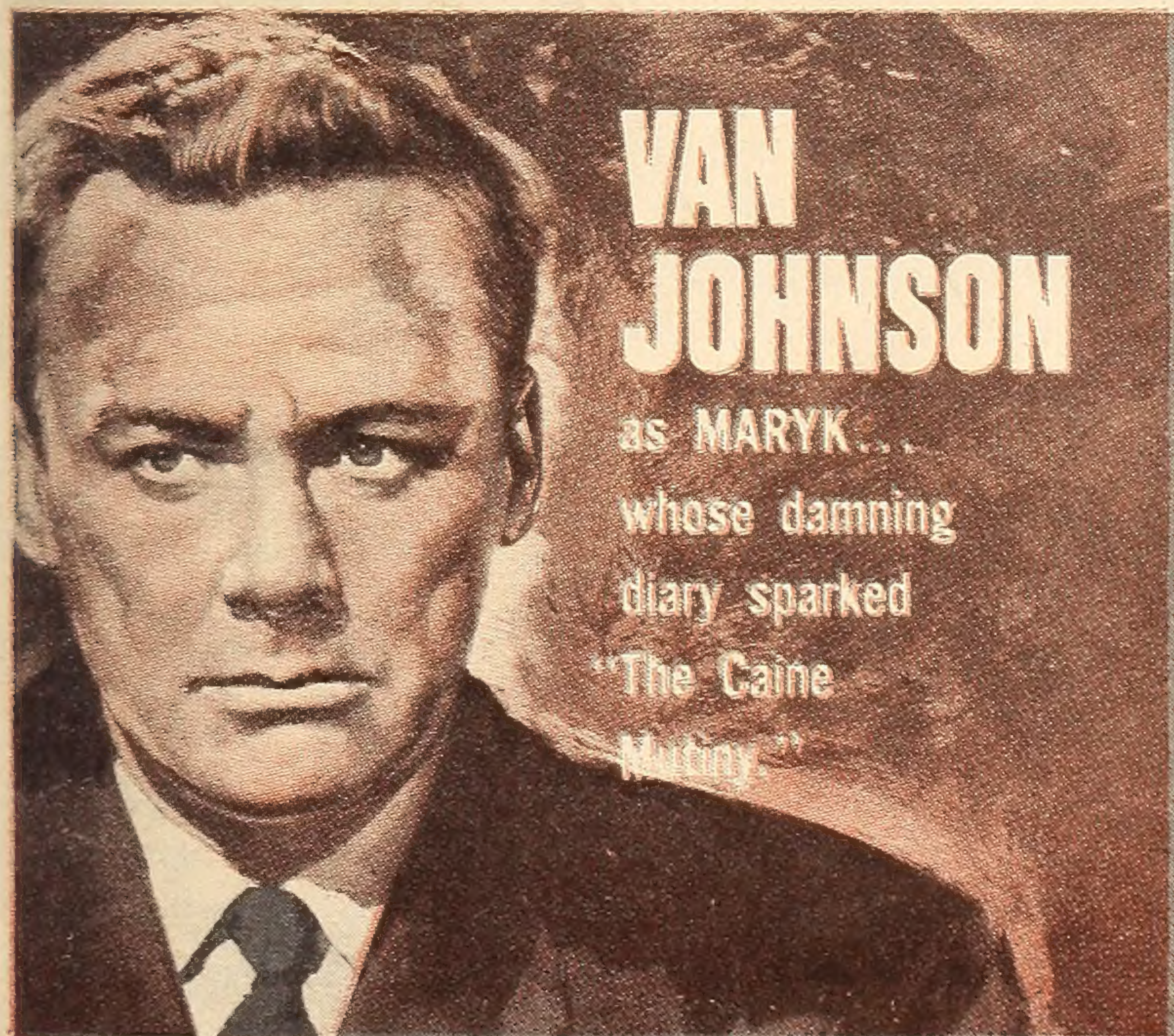
**HUMPHREY
BOGART**

as QUEEG...
the captain and
the cause of
"The Caine
Mutiny."



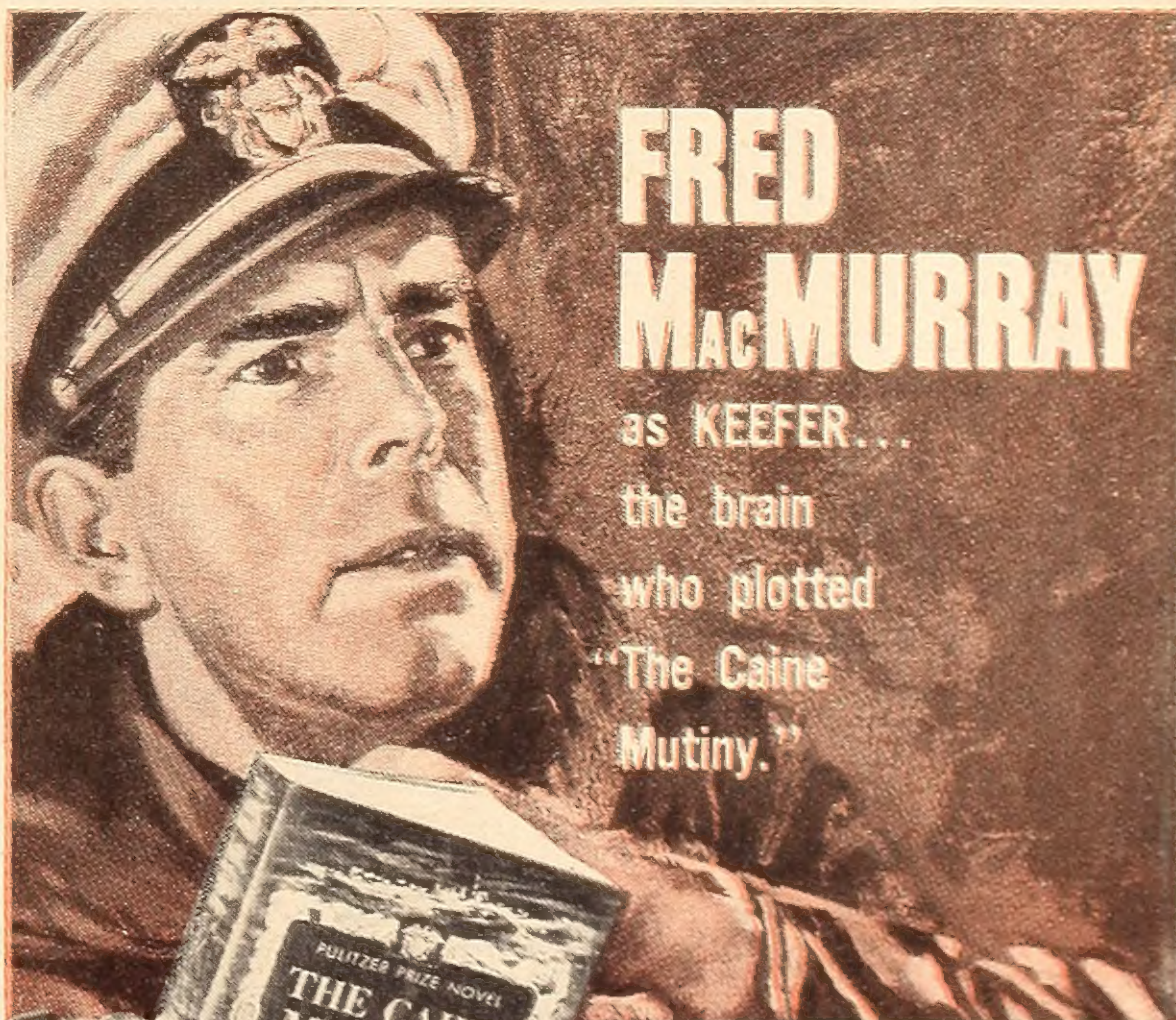
**JOSE
FERRER**

as GREENWALD...
who understood
the reason for
"The Caine
Mutiny."



**VAN
JOHNSON**

as MARYK...
whose damning
diary sparked
"The Caine
Mutiny."



**FRED
MACMURRAY**

as KEEFER...
the brain
who plotted
"The Caine
Mutiny."

and Introducing

ROBERT FRANCIS · MAY WYNN

Screen Play by STANLEY ROBERTS

Based upon the Pulitzer prize winning novel by HERMAN WOUK

Directed by EDWARD DMYTRYK



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TECHNICOLOR

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

A STANLEY KRAMER PROD.

s-s-s-t! It's

Tweed
MIST

**TOILET WATER
CONCENTRATE BY**

LENTHERIC

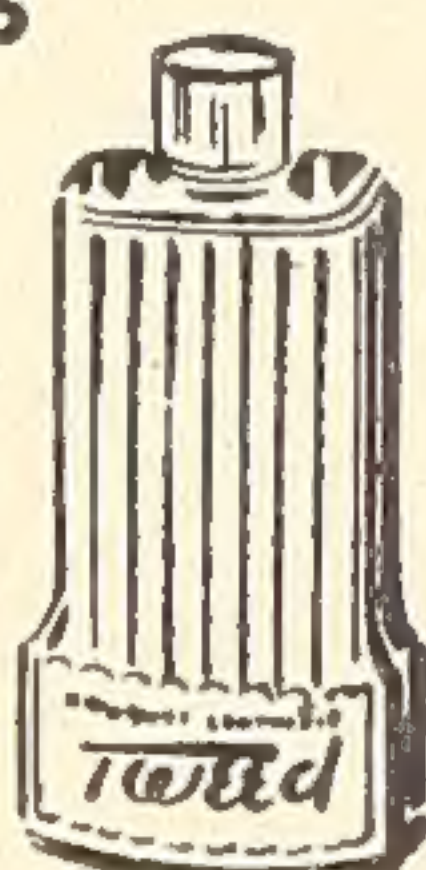


Spray it on
from head to toe...
Clouds of fragrance
where'er you go!

Exciting new way to wear
fragrance...long-lasting
Toilet Water Concentrate
in a miraculous
spray-type container sends
a cloud of fragrance
whooshing over you at a
touch of your finger!

Adam's Rib • Dark Brilliance 2.75
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NEW YORK PARIS LONDON

Screenland PLUS TV-LAND

Volume Fifty-Eight, Number Ten

August, 1954

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IN THE OMINOUS SHADOW OF THE SPHINX...

*A desperate search for the lost
treasures of the Pharaohs!*

*A forbidden love that burns
like the desert sands! A fabulous
adventure that comes to its
climax in the jeweled
tombs of the Pyramids!*

M-G-M

*actually filmed it in
the valley of the Nile amid
the wonders of the ages...*
in magnificent

COLOR!

VALLEY OF THE KINGS



Death duel of the Tuareg tribe!



Sandstorm! Terror of the Sahara!



Samia Gamal's "Dance Of The Hour"!

Starring

ROBERT TAYLOR · ELEANOR PARKER · CARLOS THOMPSON

With **KURT KASZNAR · VICTOR JORY** and **SAMIA GAMAL**

Written by **ROBERT PIROSH** and **KARL TUNBERG** • Suggested by Historical Data in
"Gods, Graves and Scholars" by C. W. Ceram • Photographed in **EASTMAN COLOR** • Print by **TECHNICOLOR**

Directed by **ROBERT PIROSH** • An M-G-M Picture



It took the charms of Grace Kelly to bring Bing Crosby out for one of his rare evenings of night clubbing in Hollywood. Clark Gable continues to be a frequent escort of the patrician Grace's too.

Dorothy Kilgallen's Exclusive Movie Gossip

DORIS DAY's studio is upset over the unconfirmed but persistent rumors that she will retire from the screen within the next eighteen months. Their plans and her contract run through 1957 and she's still one of Hollywood's biggest box-office draws . . .

Richard Todd wants Glynis Johns, the British star, and Audrey Hepburn as his co-stars in the new film version of "Mill On The Floss," to be produced by Walt Disney . . .

Now it's Anne Baxter and George Nader who've discovered that Malibu Beach can be pretty romantic even on a foggy night. During the filming of "Carnival Story" in Germany they rarely dated, but back in Hollywood things are different. They see each other frequently . . .

Pier Angeli finally got around to returning a string of pearls given to her by Kirk Douglas in Rome—she even sent them back in the original box along with the card so endearingly inscribed by Kirk during their torrid courtship. They've remained "good friends" but Pier returned the gift before Kirk's recent surprise marriage to Ann Buydens . . .

Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding are planning a large family—if they haven't three or four children of their own by 1960, they'll adopt several . . .

The romance between Jean Peters and Bob Wagner which was engineered by 20th Century-Fox proved of short duration. At a surprise ceremony in Washington, D. C., Jean became the bride of Stuart Cramer, a wealthy young man

from North Carolina whom she met when she was in Europe making "Three Coins In The Fountain."

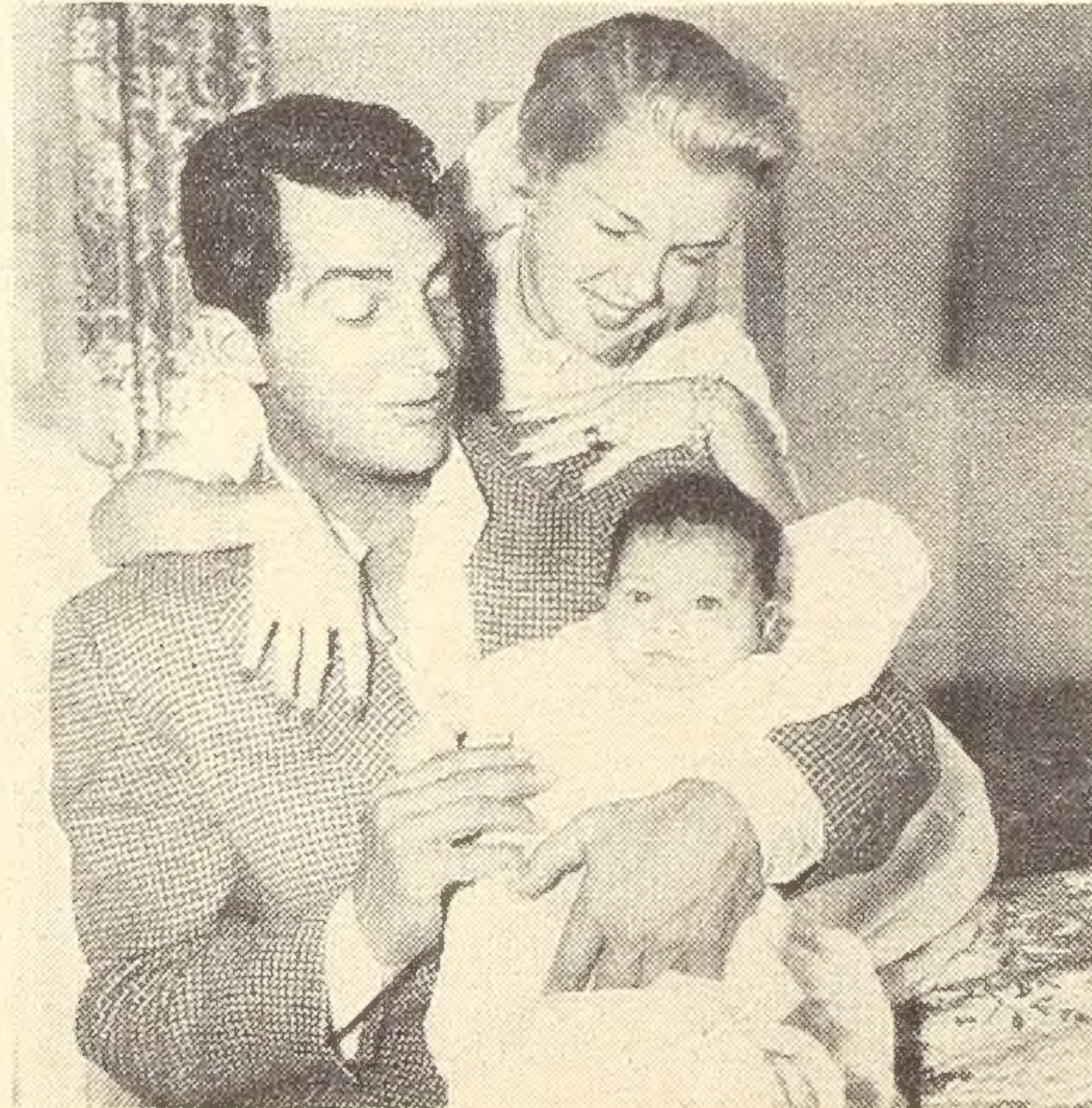
Julia Adams and Richard Carlson were so impressed with the success of their "Creature From The Black Lagoon" they now want to co-produce a remake of "Dracula" with Antonio Moreno in the role originated by Bela Lugosi, if Lugosi is not available for the film. It'll be done in color in 3-D . . .

The Charlton Hestons (Lydia Clarke) and the William Ross Howards III (Dorothy Lamour) are investing in a string of Lower California motels to be called the Char-Mour Motels. Each building will be named after a dead screen star . . .

Ann Blyth and Howard Keel have decided against co-starring in a remake of



Janet thinks movie-making isn't always "Living It Up"—but she's Mrs. Curtis!



Camera debut: it's Ricci James Martin, supported by his two beaming parents.



Sara Shane—she's Mrs. Hollingsworth off screen—is a new Mmmmm challenger.

MICKY SPILLANE'S A MOVIE STAR NOW!



CLYDE BEATTY AND HIS GIGANTIC 3-RING CIRCUS

actually performing death-defying feats against his man-devouring jungle beasts!

MICKEY SPILLANE

bringing you every bullet-and-blondie thrill
in the sensational way he's famous for!

"RING OF FEAR"

WARNER BROS. PRESENT IT IN

WARNER BROS. PRESENT IT IN
CINEMASCOPE

AND WARNERCOLOR

ALSO STARRING
PAT O'BRIEN

WITH SEAN McCLORY MARIAN CARR JOHN BROMFIELD WRITTEN BY PAUL FIX PHILIP MacDONALD JAMES EDWARD GRANT PRODUCED BY ROBERT M. FELLOWS A WAYNE FELLOWS PRODUCTION

DIRECTED BY JAMES EDWARD GRANT DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.



Dorothy Kilgallen's

Exclusive Movie Gossip (CONTINUED)

"Naughty Marietta" despite the success of "Rose Marie" . . .

The big search is on for an actress to play the lead role in "The Jean Harlow Story." Although it may be denied, Marilyn Monroe is very much in the running and furthermore, she's told her studio bosses she'd like to do it . . .

Fans have been filling George Sanders' mail box with the newest novelty store gadgets—rubber reptiles inscribed "Zsa Zsa the Snake," which wiggle when you squeeze them . . .

Haven't Gene Kelly and MGM decided to part company very quietly? And isn't it because the studio considers him too unpredictable, too demanding? . . .

Rock Hudson's best performance to date in "Magnificent Obsession" has his studio bosses talking a new deal: re money, the right to approve scripts and directors, and the opportunity to share in future productions financially a la Gary Cooper and Jimmy Stewart. Rock credits U-I producer Ross Hunter with being the man responsible for his current success. And Ross will also produce Rock's next, "Captain Lightfoot" . . .

The Betty Hutton-Charles O'Curran reconciliation didn't take. She will go through with the divorce . . .

The Dick Powell-June Allyson situation is another matter of great interest to Hollywood. Both principals insist they'll "never divorce" but intimates of both fear it's only a matter of time . . .



The Macdonald Careys welcomed their fifth child—Mac Jr.—in addition to Lynn, Steven, Elizabeth and Ann. Mac's a big hit on Broadway in "Anniversary Waltz."

Lana Turner wants MGM to film Lillian Roth's autobiography, "I'll Cry Tomorrow" (ghost-written by Hollywood Reporter columnist Mike Connolly) with Lana starring as the former Broadway musical comedy star. MGM is interested in the story but for Ava Gardner . . .

Yvonne DeCarlo must hold the record for collecting the widest variety of nationalities in her list of admirers. A recent addition was especially exotic—a Tahitian prince . . .

Insiders will tell you—and it's apparently true—that the Rory Calhouns

(Lita Baron) were never more in love. They are never apart if they can help it. During her recent successful Las Vegas and New York singing engagements Lita spent most of her free time and earnings talking to Rory on the long-distance telephone while he was on location in Wyoming. Just as soon as he completed his film chores, he flew East to meet her and took her up to Canada for a fishing trip. Despite lucrative offers for appearances in cafes and a Broadway musical, Lita let her career come to a standstill when Rory arrived on the scene—and that's the way it'll remain. She'll only

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 71)



Bill Holden rushed back from a Bermuda vacation for work and fun in New York.

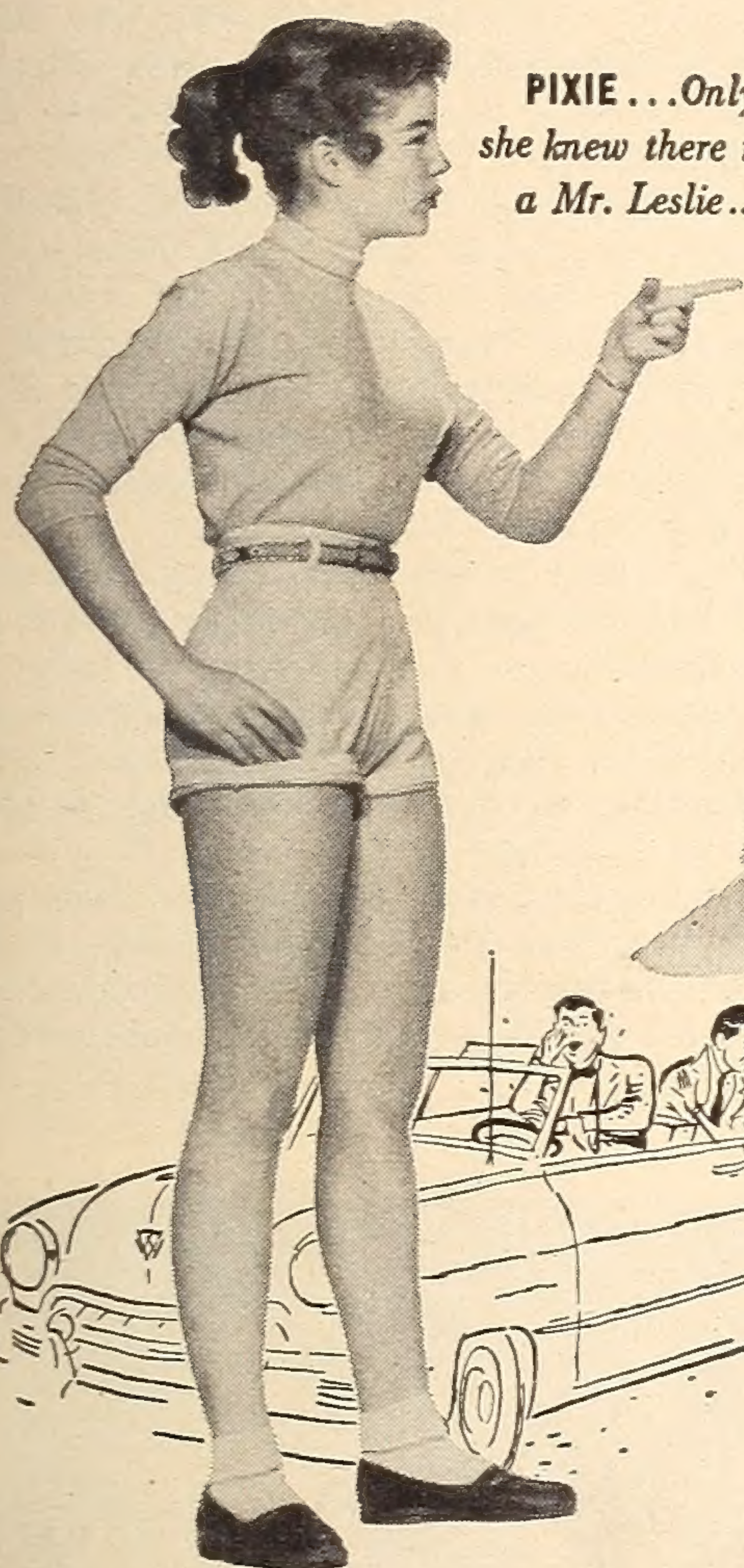


No wonder they beam: Cleo Moore and Tony Travis are set with new contracts.

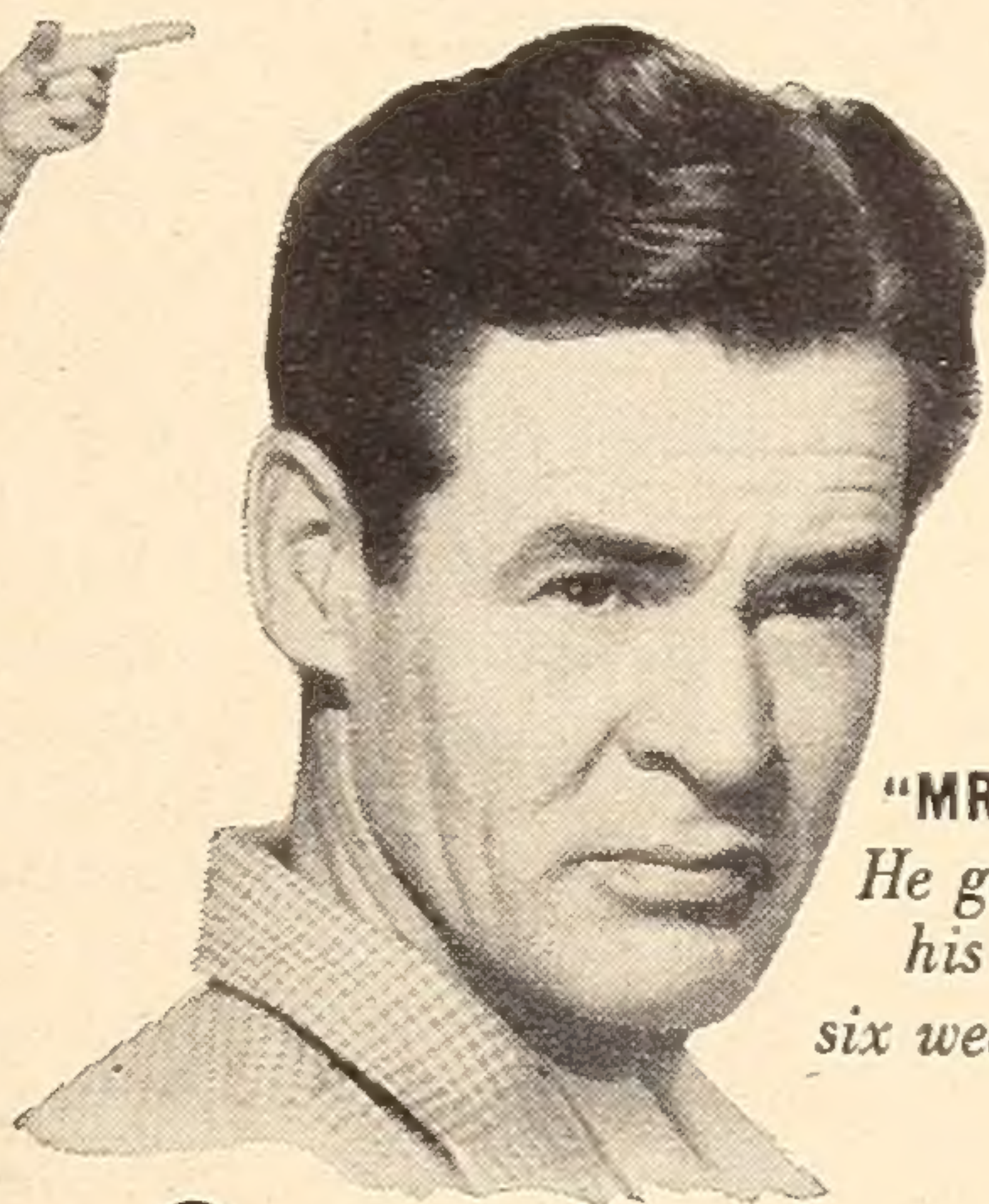


Anne Jeffries and Bob Sterling bet other Harwyn Club diners the baby'll be a boy!

It's about
Mrs. Leslie...and
 the man she never
 quite married!



PIXIE...Only sixteen, but
 she knew there never was
 a Mr. Leslie...and said so!



"MR. LESLIE"...
 He gave her only half
 his name...and
 six weeks of ecstasy!



THE LOVERS...
 Mrs. Leslie's secret
 saved them...from
 their own shame!



SHIRLEY BOOTH
 ROBERT RYAN

in
 HAL WALLIS'
 production

"ABOUT MRS. LESLIE"

Co-starring
 MARJIE MILLAR - ALEX NICOL

Directed by DANIEL MANN

Screenplay by KETTI FRINGS and HAL KANTER

From the novel by VINA DELMAR

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

SHIRLEY BOOTH TOPS
 HER GREAT ACADEMY AWARD
 TRIUMPH IN "COME BACK,
 LITTLE SHEBA"!



By MIKE CONNOLLY

HOLLYWOOD AS I SEE IT

Aldo Ray was arrested by the Van Nuys police as a house-breaker and prowler—that is, they picked him up—but they let him go shortly afterwards because the plaintiff was his fiancée, Jeff Donnell! Aldo was trying to break into Jeff's home when the police caught him. Jeff had been pestered by prowlers and had asked the police to keep an eye on her home. Aldo came in from locationing with Tab Hunter on "Battle Cry" for Warners. His script was at Jeff's house. He banged on the door. And that's when Aldo, who had told Jeff not to answer the door, was intercepted by the gendarmes!

Lex Barker wanted so badly to play the leading male role in U-I's "The Galilean" that he paid a photographer to make a whole bunch of photos of him wearing a toga.

Clark Gable tells me his speaking voice was once as high-pitched as Jack Demp-

sey's (and that's pretty high!)—"until my first wife (Josephine Dillon) brought it down a few tones by making me speak to the accompaniment of low notes on the piano."

Montgomery Clift by-passed three movie offers of \$150,000 each to play one of the roles in the all-star Chekhov play, "The Sea Gull," in Manhattan's off-Broadway theatre, the Phoenix . . .

Those romantic stories about Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer, co-stars of Broadway's "Ondine," aren't a bit overdone, although so many of Audrey's friends have begged her not to marry Mel . . .

John Ford is directing film newcomer Pat Wayne in "The Long Gray Line." Twenty-five years ago almost to the day he directed Pat's father, John Wayne, in his screen debut, a picture called "Salute."

Don Crichton, the Broadway dancer imported by 20th-Fox for a terping twirl in "No Business Like Show Business," did a whirl around the soundstage with Marilyn Monroe and then came over to where I was standing watching the scene and said, "When Marilyn moves EVERYTHING moves!"

I'll never stop being a movie fan. My favorite occupation on my day off is a regular busman's holiday: I go visiting on the sets!

Debbie Reynolds and Janie Powell were working with Steve Reeves, a good-looking lad of whom you'll be hearing an awful lot, the day I dropped in on the "Athena" set. After her big scene as a clerk in a health food store, Debbie strolled over and I asked, "Are you still dating Tab Hunter, Debs?" She said, "Yep." I asked, "Serious?" She replied, "I don't think so—you see, I have a whole lot of roads to romance but no direct path!"

Vic Damone was working in the same picture. He and Janie Powell were discussing an upcoming scene when I barged into Janie's dressing room. Debbie was the subject!

"I had a big kissing scene with Debbie yesterday," Vic said. "Dick Thorpe, the director, had it shot over and over and over again. Man, it was the greatest!"

Janie twinkled, "Debbie told me she's never been kissed like that before."

"Does that mean you'll be dating Debbie off the lot?" I asked Vic.

"I'd like to," he replied, "but she's such a big star now, I'm afraid to ask her for a date!"

And Janie and I chorused: "Coward!"

I'll let you know if anything further develops in the Debbie-Damone league.

Same day, same set, I learned that Debbie's sore at Lana Turner. Lana, it developed, made a bet with Debbie back in 1949—a \$5 bet—that she (Debbie) would



Plaintiff and prowler: Jeff Donnell and Aldo Ray. But it was all a big mistake!



Pat Crowley's a frequent date with Vic Damone—but he's too shy to ask Debbie!



Back after her ballet hit with Roland Petit, Leslie Caron wants different roles.

be married by October of 1953. Lana had forgotten the date. But Debbie hadn't!

Same day, another set ("The Glass Slipper"), Leslie Caron, dressed as Cinderella, told me she's tired of playing that type of role. Wonderful as she was in "Lili," and wonderful as she looks in "Slipper," cute little Leslie won't be happy at MGM till the studio lets her fulfill a longtime desire and play a siren.

Letter to me from Benny Rubin, the character actor:

"Let me give you a quick scoop about that dreamboat who is everybody's great love, Joan Crawford.

"While making 'Torch Song' with Joan I had a scene where (while I talked with her) you could see, through an open door, those beautiful legs of hers while she was dressing. We rehearsed the scene. Director Chuck Walters okayed it. We were about to shoot. Then Love-Face Crawford said, 'Wait a minute, Chuck—if that door is ajar the audience will never look at Benny!'

"So she played the entire scene from behind that door! Who else would do that? Noooooobody!"

SHORTS: It's a new putter, not a new gal, that put that smile on Bob Wagner's kisser. Helped him break 80 on the golf course . . . MGM tore up Pier Angeli's contract, which had two more years to run, and gave her a new one and a big increase in salary . . . Lon McCallister—remember Lon, that fine young actor?—got a realtor's license and is now selling real estate in Los Angeles . . . Donald O'Connor's rent for his luxurious quarters at the Bel-Air Hotel comes to \$900 a month . . . Audie Murphy nearly had a heart attack when he spotted his three-year-old carrying one of his .45 pistols. Audie's gun collection is now up for sale to any bidder.

END



Emilio of Capri: In summer, to be in style you've got to be in *Playtex* first! Slims and trims like magic.

Top Designers Agree:
Slim summer fashions start
with a Playtex figure!



See how

Playtex

Fabric Lined

Panty Brief

narrows your silhouette in new freedom . . . widens
your choice of new sun clothes, new fun clothes!

You don't have to be tiny to shine in the briefest sun dress, lounge in skin-tight slacks, swim in a shape-showing suit. Not when there's Playtex Fabric Lined Panty Brief to trim away the inches, slim away those little "extras"!

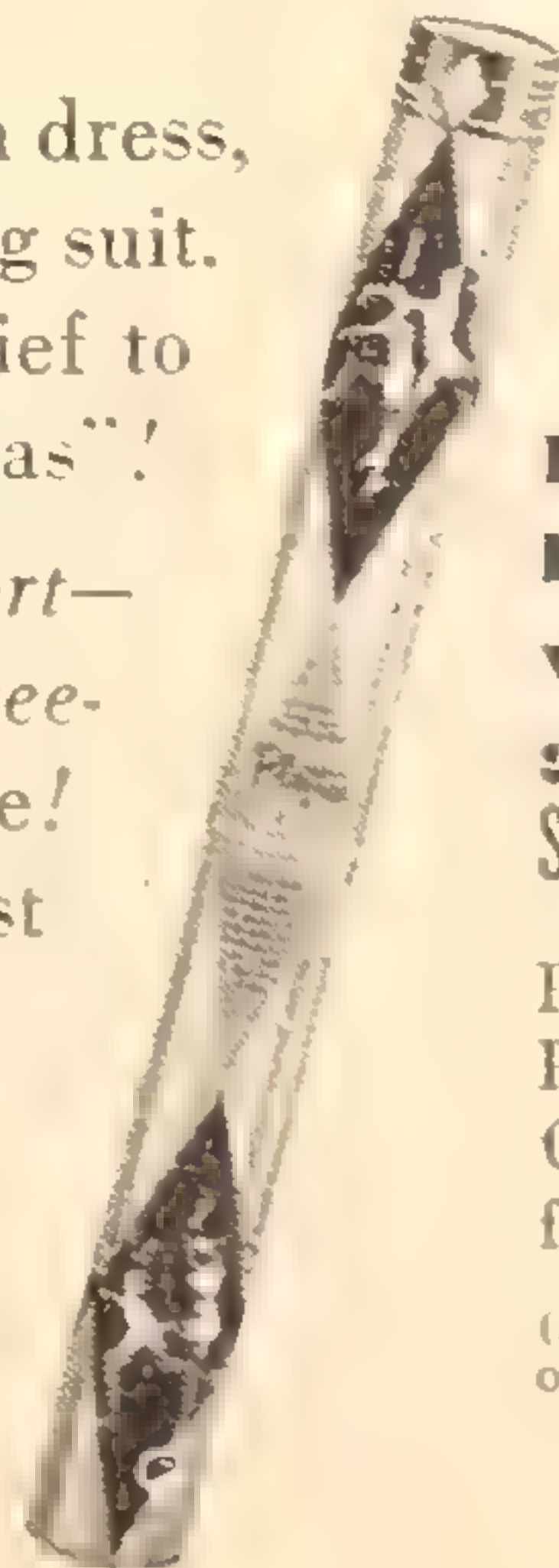
And Playtex performs its wonders in such *comfort*—thanks to that cloud-soft fabric lining! In such *freedom*, too—since it hasn't a seam, stitch, stay or bone! Just a smooth latex sheath—*invisible* under the most figure-hugging fashions.

Wear it from dawning to dancing, wash it in seconds—see how fast it dries! At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

PLAYTEX . . .
known every-
where as the
girdle in the
SLIM tube.

Playtex Fabric Lined
Panty Brief, \$4.95
Other Playtex Girdles
from \$3.50 to \$7.95

(Prices slightly higher
outside U.S.A.)



John Agar—newly signed at U-I—emcees fashion show for mother's dress shop.

Your guide to current films

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill



"The Yellow Tomahawk" provides a new slant on the theme of the white man versus the Indian. Rory Calhoun stars, with Peter Graves and Peggie Castle featured.



Supposedly dying of radiation poison, Jerry Lewis goes on one last, vast spree with Sheree North in "Living It Up," latest Martin and Lewis musical fun fest.

The Caine Mutiny

MUTINY and the ensuing court-martial that awaits officers aboard the destroyer-minesweeper *Caine* provide a dramatic springboard for the acting talents of Humphrey Bogart, Jose Ferrer, Van Johnson and Fred MacMurray. Although the salty dialogue of the book has been deleted, the Technicolor production varies little from Herman Wouk's Pulitzer Prize winning novel. Humphrey Bogart is the taciturn skipper who rules the *Caine* "by the book." His cowardice in battle maneuvers and his willingness to blame his crew for his own mistakes bring a barrier between the skipper and the men. Fred MacMurray is the first to realize that the Captain's strange behavior might be a mental illness and informs executive officer Van Johnson that he'd better be prepared to invoke Navy Article 184—relieving a commander during an emergency. The emergency occurs during a furious typhoon in which Johnson invokes the ruling, backed up by junior ensign Robert Francis. The resulting court-martial of the two men, and the defense by their lawyer, Jose Ferrer, provides a peak in entertainment. Acting honors are equally divided, with Johnson a possible Oscar candidate. Making their debut in this stellar assemblage are Robert Francis, as a newly commissioned officer, and May Wynn, as his sweetheart. Stanley Kramer produced and Edward Dmytryk directed. Columbia.

The High And The Mighty

JOHNN WAYNE and his chief pilot, Robert Stack, are making a routine flight between Honolulu and San Francisco when an engine catches on fire and the plane's motor shakes loose from its moorings. The resulting action of the crew and passengers makes for absorbing fare and some top notch character delineations. Wayne as co-pilot of the ship is a war veteran and used to instant decisions. It is his influence over his superior, Stack, that eventually brings the ship to a safe landing. Wayne's calmness also soothes such passengers as Laraine Day and her bickering husband, John Howard; man-about-town, David Brian; adventuresses Claire Trevor and Jan Sterling, and small town sightseers, Phil Harris and Ann Doran. There are seventeen passengers aboard and a star in each part including Paul Kelly, Sidney Blackmer and Robert Newton. Film, which is played for over ninety minutes within the limited confines of a plane, never falters in action and excitement. Warner Bros.

Flame And The Flesh

LANA TURNER is like a flickering flame to the many men that pursue this peniless Italian refugee. They want her; they woo her, but they never win her, that is, until she meets night club singer, Carlos Thompson. Stranded and bruised from a near automobile accident, Lana allows musician Bonar Colleano to take her to his apartment, which he shares with Thompson, to recuperate. Although Lana makes an instant play for Carlos, he announces that he is engaged to his

boss's daughter, Pier Angeli. The rebuff, plus Lana's sincere attraction, causes her to make one desperate attempt to win Carlos. She is successful, but realizes too late that the past has a strong tie on both of them. The tender love drama, filmed in Italy, boasts beautiful scenery, a haunting tune, "No One But You," and polished performances by Lana and newcomer Thompson. **MGM.**

Three Coins In The Fountain

THREE American working girls in Rome tossed coins into a fountain, each wishing to find love in Italy. Dorothy McGuire, for fifteen years enamored of her writer-boss, Clifton Webb, masterminds the romances of Jean Peters and Rossano Brazzi, and Maggie McNamara and Louis Jourdan. She feels all she can hope for is contentment, never marriage, from the sharp-tongued Webb. A series of dramatic events provides the film with a story book ending. Good performances set against authentic Italian background set the mood for this picture. CinemaScope production includes colorful and portrait-like Old World scenery and the title song, as done by Frank Sinatra, lends to the magical flavor. **20th Century-Fox.**

Men Of The Fighting Lady

ROARING jet planes, split-second landings, and fiery rescues set the tempo of this war film based on true happenings in Korea. Audiences will be kept on the edge of their seats during most of the footage which takes place aboard a Navy carrier and in the sky over the combat area. Van Johnson, Dewey Martin, Keenan Wynn and Frank Lovejoy put their jets through some daring fights. Soon, however, another combat evolves between Lovejoy, who doesn't mind taking chances and Wynn, who hates unnecessary risk. The best part of the film deals with Martin—blinded while engaging the enemy in the air—and Van Johnson's "talking" him into a safe landing. Johnson gives a stirring performance, especially as he broadcasts instructions to the sightless pilot. The only music used in the film occurs during the climax adding even more drama. Walter Pidgeon, as the Flight Surgeon, and Louis Calhern, as writer James Michener, add a leveling touch to this war film with spiritual overtones. **MGM.**

Living It Up

DEAN MARTIN and Jerry Lewis will have you yocking it up in this one, as they blithely perpetuate the rumor that Jerry is dying from radiation poison. The erroneous diagnosis was made by new medico Martin and by the time he's checked the symptoms again it's too late. Jerry has been flown to New York for one last spree, courtesy of Janet Leigh and her newspaper employer, Fred Clark. The resulting confusion makes for a robust romantic comedy. In addition to the four show tunes from "Hazel Flagg," the Broadway musical on which the film is based, there are three new ditties including the hum-able, "Every Street" and "That's What I Like." **Paramount.**



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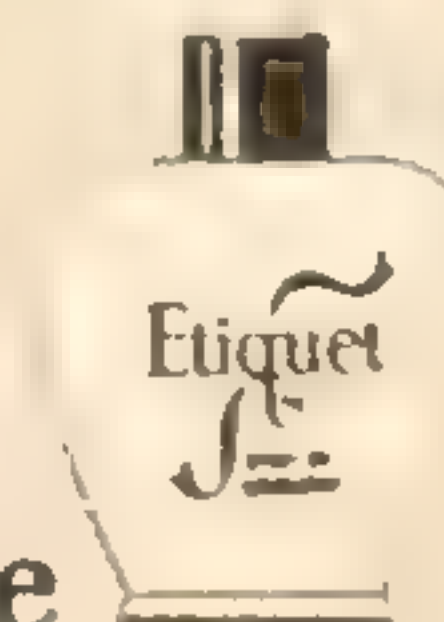
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Your guide to current films CONTINUED

Susan Slept Here

HERE'S a gay spoof about Hollywood and some of its more celebrated citizens. Dick Powell, an Oscar-winning screen writer, is glowing with the Christmas spirit as he wraps Yule gifts for his secretary, Glenda Farrell; his man Friday, Alvy Moore, and his girl friend, Anne Francis. Dick, however, is hardly prepared for the holiday bundle that two detective friends drop in his lap, juvenile delinquent Debbie Reynolds. In a rash moment, Powell has told them that he would like to write a screen play about a problem child and Debbie is their candidate. She's to be shipped to reform school right after Christmas, but until then, it is either leave her with Dick or at the jail house. In the slight interim, Powell gets a screen play, a nervous break-down and a child bride. Story frolics along at a pleasant pace, neatly gliding over any script improbabilities. The results are a film with gilt, glamour and ample humor. **RKO.**

Apache

BURT LANCASTER as *Massai*, the Indian warrior, launches a one-man fight against the U.S. Army that is so violent

that it even interrupts the peace ceremonies agreed to by *Geronimo*. It is during the signing of the treaty that Lancaster shoots down the truce flag and along with *Geronimo* and other Indian braves is sent East for imprisonment in Florida. Lancaster escapes and begins a nightmarish flight back to his own country. When he arrives home, he has come to a new decision. He will fight the white man not for revenge, but for an honorable peace, such as the Cherokees and other tribes are enjoying. Aiding him in this dream is Indian maiden, Jean Peters. Pitted against Lancaster in Technicolor are such huskies as John McIntyre, Charles Buchinsky and Wally Rose. The result is plenty of adventure and rough 'n' ready action. **United Artists.**

Hell Below Zero

ABOARD a whaling ship in the icy Antarctic is where most of the action takes place in this Alan Ladd starrer. Ladd, in love with Joan Tetzl, agrees with her doubts that her sea captain father fell overboard in an accident or committed suicide. He signs on the whaling vessel of her father's partner, Basil

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)



Dick Powell finds Debbie Reynolds a problem child in "Susan Slept Here."



Piper Laurie and Tony Curtis discuss his new car design in "Johnny Dark."



David Brian and Claire Trevor face death in "The High And The Mighty."



May Wynn and Robert Francis debut in the spellbinding "The Caine Mutiny."

you're telling us

SCREENLAND

A word or two about some dead beats you are always writing about. *Rock Hudson*—beefcake personified, no acting ability. *Bob Wagner*—cute smile, nice boy, no acting ability. *Marilyn Monroe*, strictly for the birds. *Byron Palmer*—Ha! The same goes for ninety percent of your so-called actors and actresses... I enjoy your magazine very much.

Elizabeth Diedel
Baton Rouge, La.

I read your movie book every month. Why are people talking about *Terry Moore*? She is nothing compared to *Marilyn Monroe*. I hope to be seeing more of her in *SCREENLAND*.

Alene Aderholt
Crouse, North Carolina

In your last month's issue Janet Pearsall of Dallas, Texas, said that *Montgomery Clift* was for the birds; she didn't exactly put it in those words but that's what she meant. Well, she'd better not show her face in Montreal when I'm around! She said *Rock Hudson* could take *Monty's* place. *Monty* may not be such a muscle man but he sure can act. I'll stick up for *Montgomery Clift* any day.

Emily Romanelli
Montreal, Canada

Could you please tell me the next movie *Farley Granger* and *Richard Allan* are going to be in?

Rose Raffin
Parma, Ohio

(*Farley Granger* has been making a movie in Italy and is scheduled to appear on the stage in New York this Fall. *Richard Allan* will be in "The Egyptian" at Twentieth Century-Fox.—Ed.)

What has happened to *Virginia Mayo*? I would like to see more of her and to know what her latest picture is.

Barbara Reeves
Hackensack, New Jersey

(*Virginia Mayo* retired temporarily for the birth of her baby, *Mary Catherine O'Shea*. In private life *Virginia* is married to *Michael O'Shea*. You will see her on the screen again soon in "King Richard And The Crusaders."—Ed.)

Why not star *Tony Curtis* with glamour girls like *Elaine Stewart*, *Jean Peters*, *Ann Blyth* or even *Marilyn Monroe*? I don't like to see characters like

Stewart Granger, *Fernando Lamas*, *Howard Keel*, and the grandfather of them all, *Clark Gable*. *Tony* tops them all, he is a real living doll!

Angie Wilson
New York, New York

My favorite actors are *Stewart Granger* and *Fernando Lamas*. I think *Fernando* ought to be in a new movie of "The Sheik," and as for *Stewart Granger*, anything he does is perfect. Other so-called leading men, like *Tony Curtis* and *Bob Wagner*, ought to take some acting lessons from these two stars who really know how to portray heroes.

Annaruth Jordan
Butte, Montana

I have just seen the movie, "Jivaro," which starred *Fernando Lamas* and *Rhonda Fleming* and a man I've never seen before, *Brian Keith*. Can you give me some information about him?

Gail Golem
Muscatine, Iowa

(*Brian Keith* was born on November 14, 1921; he has blue eyes, sandy hair and is 6'1" tall. He is married to *Frances Helm*, and in addition to "Jivaro" has appeared in "Arrowhead" and "Alaska Seas." You'll see him next in "Rough Company," and you can write to him at Columbia Studios in Hollywood.—Ed.)

Would you please tell me when and where *Scott Brady* was born? I read in a magazine where *Scott* said he would be hard to live with, but I don't think he would be.

Lucy Donlon
Canton, Ohio

(*Scott* was born in Brooklyn, New York, on September 13, 1924. His current film is "Johnny Guitar," with *Joan Crawford*, and you can write him at Republic Studios in Hollywood.—Ed.)

Marlon Brando is the greatest. What is his age?

Leslie Stoll
Louisville, Ky.

(*Marlon* was born in Omaha, Nebraska, on February 3, 1924.—Ed.)

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END



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what hollywood itself is talking about!

by Lynn Bowers

SUZAN BALL with her new and beaming bridegroom Dick Long got almost as much applause as the picture when they made their entrance at the plush premiere of "Magnificent Obsession." If there was a star who didn't attend, it was because he or she wasn't in town. The most elegantly expensive handkerchiefs were nothing but damp rags at the end of the deeply moving Rock Hudson-Jane Wyman vehicle. There were a great many surprised people—people who said Rock would never make it as a dramatic actor. He fooled 'em all. Mamie van Doren created quite a stir—gotten up to look like the spittin' image of Marilyn Monroe. Barbara Rush, with her handsome husband, Jeff Hunter, received a huge round of applause as she left the theatre. Ross Hunter, the producer of "Magnificent," took a look at her performance and promptly asked the studio heads to give her star billing along with Jane and Rock. Ann Sheridan created a bit of excitement when she made an entrance with Jacques Mapes. Annie had a new hairdo, close-dressed with a chignon (*bun to you*) on the back of her neck. Marilyn Erskine came with Ross, and without her new mink stole which was stolen when she was in New York doing a television show.

It was a photographer's dream of heaven at Mocambo during Mary McCarty's three-week stay at that bistro, because the show folks really stormed the place in droves to see the funniest of them all.

The night Bing Crosby and Grace Kelly appeared, you couldn't see 'em for the flash bulbs popping. Opening night, the star crowd applauded so long Miss McC. could hardly go on with her act. Television and movie offers are pouring on her like rain in the tropics so you'll be seeing her around a lot from now on.

Circus Week in Palm Springs: when the natives and the Hollywood visitors combine to raise lots of loot for charity, when people get arrested and fined for not wearing Western clothes and most everybody does real crazy things and gets away with it. Right in the midst of Gordon MacRae's numbah at El Mirador's show, some rowdy people came in, shot off their cap pistols, and generally broke up the show. This was Gordon's first time out on this Circus bit and he took a rather dim view of the characters. So he stopped, bawled them out, and asked them to leave. There was a bit of a rhubarb, since the folks were among the heaviest contributors to the charity, but it all got straightened out.

It's been noticeably quieter on the, um, front lately since Terry Moore's gone demure on us. Got the idea that maybe all the open air publicity wasn't the thing for a girl who really wanted to go places in her acting career. Everybody approves.

Linda Darnell wasn't at the party that her boy-friend, Phillip Liebmann, gave



Suzan Ball and Dick Long made their first joint appearance professionally when they were on the nation's TV screens on the Lux Video Theatre, directed by Dick Goose.



"Mighty" preeming—Doe Avedon, Claudette Thornton, Bob Stack, Karen Sharpe.



Piper Laurie keeps them all guessing—is romance with George Nader serious?

for Adrienne Garrett, the current Miss Rheingold. Mr. L. is, you know, the brewery tycoon—and veddy young and handsome he is too. Reason Linda wasn't around—work, not because she didn't want to be with her fellah. The picture, "This Is My Love," has taken a lot out of Miss D., so she had to side-track romance while she was in production.

It just might be that we'll get lucky and have Errol Flynn back in our midst. Pat Wymore, the present Mrs. Flynn, and the new baby took up residence temporarily in the family mansion and it is rumored that he is trying to straighten out his back alimony-income tax problems. Pat, in the meanwhile, is trying to rent the house to somebody for a thousand dollars a month and she also allows that she just might be getting ready for a night club act—she's quite a dancer, you know.

Hollywood was indeed fortunate in having those two great romantics, Z.Z. and Rubi, in for a short visit. They arrived in the private plane which was one of the "trinkets" which he got from Barbara Hutton after a short marriage. No comment.

Looks as if Margaret O'Brien is going to have to save her money whether she wants to or not. The courts ruled that the money was going out much too fast and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)



Betsy Palmer—in "The Long Gray Line"—is bride of Dr. Vincent Merendino.



After "About Mrs. Leslie" both Bob Ryan and Shirley Booth did a Broadway stint.

The Cocktail Veil '54—interpretation by John Frederics



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EUROPEAN DATELINE

BY DEAN RICHARDS



Gina Lollobrigida and her husband, Dr. Milko Skofic, wowed the Cannes festival.



The wedding of Dawn Addams and Prince Vittorio Massimo had the crowds agape.



Rossano Brazzi, of "Three Coins," is in "Barefoot Contessa," with Ava Gardner.

Greetings from across the great divide! As your roving Continental reporter, I'll keep you exclusively informed of the more amusing, more personal and less publicized stories of your favorite film stars on holiday or at work in Europe.

The biggest event of the season was, of course, the annual Cannes Film Festival, to which the USA contributed a large slice of glamour. Arlene Dahl seemed mighty taken with her constant Festival swain, a tall and rugged blond newspaperman from Norway named Arne Hestenes—good looking, but an exact opposite to a guy named Fernando Lamas. Now that Arlene is back on the Coast and Arne in Oslo, what will happen to their Cannes idyll? A birdie tells me that Arne will be coming to the States later this year on an exchange fellowship. Hmmmm! Too late!

The noisiest exit from Rome and entrance to Cannes was, of course, made by our indefatigable, inimitable gal, Shelley Winters. She had seven—count 'em—airlines in Rome trying to figure out her reservations and the plane finally arrived three hours late, keeping her welcoming committee and a platoon of photographers waiting.

One of the most sentimental episodes of the Festival took place at the Nice airport, and Orson Welles was the star of it. He was anxiously awaiting the arrival of a plane from Geneva and was he nervous! He kept pacing, mopping his brow and chewing on his cigar. The reason? He was afraid he wouldn't recognize his sixteen-year-old daughter he hadn't seen for several years. As the plane landed, Orson carefully examined each of the passengers from afar and recognized no one he thought was his little girl. Disappointed, he was about to leave when suddenly a most attractive mature young lady came dashing through the mob and threw herself into his arms. Dropping

his cigar and gulping visibly, Orson sheepishly smiled and admitted his pride at being the father of such a lovely, grown-up daughter.

The Bob Mitchum-Simone Silva striptease incident which caused such a world-wide sensation was a frame-up and a hoax, according to Bob. "I was standing alone for a moment," he explained to me, "when along dashes this buxom babe wearing some sort of Hawaiian grass-skirt affair with a sheer silk scarf tucked loosely into it. She introduced herself and asked if I minded posing with her. I said why not? And then the fun began! She called over the international photo-boys. Then, without a word of warning, she whipped off her flimsy scarf and, nude to the waist, threw her arms around my neck. Before I could disengage myself," Bob continued, wiping his brow, "the damage had been done, and the hot negatives were on their way around the world."

Looks like this Silva gal made her points! What some gals won't do to gain some attention. What did patient Dotty Mitchum think about these antics? "None of these things really fazes me," she said with a smile. "Bob's just a big, good-looking kid who's always getting himself into one kind of scrape or another. As long as he comes home and tells me everything, I know I have nothing to worry about."

There's so much more to tell you about the Festival . . . of the double disappointment in Donna Reed's failure to show up and "From Here To Eternity" not winning the grand prize; of how Liz Scott woke up one sleepy party by climbing suddenly on a dinner table and going into a terrific rendition of "Alouette, Gentil Alouette" to get the whole joint jumping; how Italy's sexsational Gina Lollobrigida made a volcanic impact with some of her fabulous costumes—as if she needed to enhance her breathtaking loveliness—and how she cashed in on her popularity by charging for her autographs and contributing the proceeds to charity; how her handsome, attentive husband, Dr. Milko Skofic, injured his hand trying to protect her from the huge crowds that surrounded her wherever she went.

We've had a lot of activity over here this month, but the biggest, splashiest, noisiest and most elegant "do" was the wedding of England and America's Dawn Addams to Italy's Prince Vittorio Massimo, a member of one of Italy's oldest and most distinguished families. Many skeptics on both sides of the Atlantic, who were willing to lay odds that this hectic romance would never reach the altar, were forced to eat their own words. The wedding itself, as stormy and noisy

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 69)



Dennis O'Keefe has played opposite many a charmer—next, Mara Lane, in "Angela."

"Who's been
sleeping in
my bed?"



It's all about
a man-about-town
and a girl about 18...and
the things he learns
about love
FROM HER!



DICK POWELL • DEBBIE REYNOLDS
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ANNE FRANCIS • Directed by FRANK TASHLIN • Screenplay by ALEX GOTTLIEB • Produced by HARRIET PARSONS





Gregory Peck has acquired the Continental view of marriage.



Gary Cooper's sophisticated wife laughs off his "romances."

Hollywood's Bachelor Husbands

BY CONSTANCE WHITE

**MANY A HOLLYWOOD HUSBAND WANTS
TO EAT HIS CAKE AND HAVE IT,
TOO—EVEN HIS WEDDING CAKE**

WHEN Zsa Zsa Gabor recently asked for a divorce from George Sanders, she flicked her lashes and pouted, "All the time George was married, he acted like a bachelor."

And with that, dazzling Zsa Zsa hit the marital nail on the head as far as many Hollywood husbands go.

"I wonder why so many actors get married in the first place," a male star's wife complained at a party, as she noticed her husband paying attention to a beautiful guest. "They want the privileges of marriage—plus all the privileges of being a bachelor too."

Many of these actors don't realize they're bachelors at heart. Not until after they've placed the ring on the finger do they discover that sticking to home-and-hearthside



Robert Mitchum is a guy who must live his life his own way.



Vittorio Gassman's "work" kept him from Shelley Winters.

and fixing the baby's formula stifle them. On the other hand, they have a genuine reluctance to part from the lovely girls they married—so they play the puzzling game of "bachelor husband."

Dale Robertson's marriage broke up for just this reason. Jacqueline Robertson is a very pretty girl, and was accustomed to much attention before their marriage. She thought she'd get it afterward, too. But it seems that Dale is one big silent live-alone-and-like-it type. He couldn't change his personality in any way from the rugged bachelor to the considerate husband. He'd sit in the living room for hours at a stretch, staring into space, thinking about the next day's scenes, perhaps, or a business deal he was interested in. If Jackie, confused by his prolonged silence, interrupted to ask, "What's the matter, darling?" Dale would reply, "Nothing. I just want to think things out by myself."

On Sundays Dale preferred spending his time golfing, horseback riding or playing baseball—with male cronies. And Jackie would remain at home biting her nails.

Anxious to be a part of his life, Jackie violated one of the rules he'd laid down when she visited the set of his

picture one day. Dale couldn't stand having his wife visit him while he was working, and this caused one of their biggest arguments.

It must be said of Dale, he tried. When they reconciled, after one separation, he made a determined effort to give Jackie the kiss-every-morning-and-flowers-every-night routine. But it was hard for him to keep it up. It's just not in the big boy's nature to share confidences or pay courtly compliments to a wife. And so a tearful Jackie sought a divorce.

The more the husbands like being bachelor-husbands, the less their wives go for it. When Jeff Chandler was married to Marjorie, he sometimes didn't put his best foot forward. Marjorie used to complain to friends—as she later did in divorce court—that Jeff would come home from the studio and never bother to talk, except to say he was tired.

A thorn in Marjorie's side was the apartment Jeff maintained—to which he ran whenever he and Marjorie had a spat. Jeff used to insist that his bachelor diggings were a sort of safety valve to help clear the air when things became too explosive between him (CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)

BY JIM HENAGHAN

She keeps her glamour showing

JEANNE CRAIN'S CAMPAIGN TO BECOME SEXY HAS CREATED QUITE A STIR

ONE DAY recently a tall, red-haired, rather stately woman walked out of Romanoff's restaurant in Beverly Hills and, swishing a fox-skin scarf over a shoulder and out of the way, delicately presented a parking ticket to the attendant. There was a cluster of autograph seekers huddled in a small group near the entrance, their books and small flash cameras—badges of their calling—very much in evidence.

The woman was obviously somebody, her carriage and manner saying as much. But the fans stood in bewildered concentration, unsure of her identity, and made no move toward her. It was only after she had driven away that one of them approached the doorman.

"Who was that? Anybody?" he asked.

"Jeanne Crain," said the doorman as he dashed off for another car.

There was consternation in the ranks of the autograph

seekers. A live one, a big star, had gotten away.

For a movie star to go unrecognized, even by the pro fans, is not entirely an unusual incident. But for a girl who has graced the covers of many magazines, a girl who has consistently, for more than ten years, been at the top of the fan magazine polls, to saunter through a group of her own idolators in broad daylight without a stampede is indeed unusual. Possibly it is a tribute to a vow she made when she voluntarily gave up a contract at 20th Century-Fox (*and a fortune in money*) to go out on her own with just one objective—to grow up and at long last become a woman.

When Jeanne Crain first came to the movies in 1942, she was literally an enigma to the producers assigned to use her in their movies. She had come to the attention of Hollywood as a result of photographs taken by the famed artist, William Mortensen of Laguna Beach, California. Mr. Mortensen deplored vulgarity. None of his models posed in the altogether. But he could take a wisp of lace, a girl and a high wind on a hill-top and make the most provocative photograph imaginable. And Jeanne Crain, although only sixteen, was his favorite and most beautiful model. So when she came to Hollywood, the picture-makers didn't know whether they had bought an early-day Lili St. Cyr or the girl next door. This insecurity was heightened by the fact that the layout which called Jeanne to Hollywood's attention was patterned after the Petty Girl who was so popular at that time.

"It was confusing to me, too," says Jeanne. "The studio finally decided that I'd be the sweet thing type. I wanted to do what was expected of me, so I began to dress down and didn't even wear lipstick. And apparently it was successful, because before I knew it I was being picked year after year on the box-office and magazine polls—at the top."

Jeanne's career as Miss Innocence began with a bang. Her first three pictures, "Home In (CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)



◀ *Blissfully married to Paul Brinkman and the mother of four, Jeanne was nevertheless in a rut of playing Miss Innocence.*

"Everybody should just let the cork blow out of the bottle sometime," says the star of Warners' "Duel In The Jungle."





BY MRS. MAXIE HARMAN

DEBBIE'S

Debbie Reynolds and her grandmother.



MY GRANDDAUGHTER

SHE'S NO LONGER THE SKINNY LITTLE GIRL WHO USED TO BEG FOR COOKIES.

SHE'S GROWN UP AND SHE'S DEVELOPED. BUT DEBBIE HASN'T CHANGED!

DEBBIE rushed into my room before I even had a chance to unpack. "How soon are you going to fix some of your delicious meatballs, grandmother?"

"Do you mean to tell me that with all the fancy restaurants here in Hollywood, you still like my meatballs?"

"You should know better than to ask such questions!"

She was right. It's been many years since Debbie left Texas, but from my periodic visits to Burbank—like this recent one—I should've known that Debbie hadn't changed that much.

Of course, she isn't any longer the same girl who used to live a block and a half away from me in El Paso. She's grown up, and she's developed nicely, if you'll excuse a little boasting by a proud grandmother. But I would have never believed that the skinny little girl who used to beg for cookies every time she stuck her pixie face in my front door would grow into such an attractive young woman.

Nevertheless, in attitude, outlook on life, mannerisms and inner qualities, she hasn't changed. She was headstrong then and is headstrong today except nowadays it's called determination. But whatever the name, I'm glad she has that good ol' Texan spirit.

I remember the day eighteen years ago when her mother was quite sick, and asked me to take Debbie over to my house for a few days. When I told Debbie to get her things together, she was defiant. "I'm not going to leave Mom," she burst out with all the authority of a three-year-old.

"Your Mom is sick," I tried to reason. "It'll be better for her if you come with me."

"No."

"But it'll only be for a few days."

"Mom might need me. No!"

I had no choice but grab her by the arm and drag her down the street to my house. She was yelling and screaming and crying all the way. I let her—till I got her indoors. Then she got the first and only spanking I ever gave her. It didn't stop her defiance, although for the next few days she did as she was told. It was less painful.

Usually we got along well without resorting to physical punishment, which after all wasn't my domain anyway. Besides, if she couldn't get her way with me, she always knew how to wind her grandfather around her little finger.

Debbie had an easy way with him for two very good reasons. She was born on his birthday, and at that time was his only granddaughter. She made the most of it!

Even as a tike, unless the other children were much older, Debbie was always "running the show." She de-

cided what games were to be played, who did what, where and when. She hasn't changed in that respect either.

While I was visiting my daughter, my son-in-law and Debbie, Debbie asked me to attend a party with her. "I'm too old for you young folks," I insisted.

"I bet you are going to outlast all of us tonight. You come along," she insisted. That was typical of Debbie, too. Always makes you feel half your age.

The party was at Dan Sites's house, and his place was so crowded that I didn't think they could squeeze me in. But they did. Some of the guests were movie stars, others neighborhood friends, a few "older folks" like myself. But all mixed well together, and had a wonderful time.

Debbie had everything planned in detail long before we arrived. "Everyone will have a name pinned on his or her back," she announced as we entered the living room. "Then you have to guess who you are. You can't ask any direct question. The one who guesses his identity first gets a prize. Let's go."

We all started to talk to one another, trying to discover our identities, when Debbie again called for attention. "And I don't want any cheating," she announced. As if anyone had dared!

In many ways, the party was proof that Debbie was still the same, and I'm not just referring to her organizing the show!

Her choice of friends, for instance. I had expected Hollywood actors to be a little cold, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 61)



"Debbie (here with father) is so independent she relies on herself too much. That's my only concern," says grandmother.



One of Howard's bugaboos is the gal who tries to best men in sports. "She tears the male ego to shreds and men don't like that."

IF YOU ASK HOWARD KEEL'S OPINION . . .

He likes 'em feminine!

BY MARK FLANDERS

*"The girl that I marry will have to be
As pink and as white as a nur-se-ry."*

WHEN Howard Keel sang these lines in "Annie Get Your Gun" he was warbling the story of his life as far as women are concerned.

Ever since Howard's definite arrival as a heart-throb specialist in "Kiss Me Kate," his studio has been receiving queries as to what this six-foot-four hunk of masculinity thinks about the opposite sex, and the above lines just about sum it up.

He likes 'em *feminine!*

Not only is this true in capital letters, but the usually reserved Howard is unusually expressive of the fact. He sets forth a flat premise that a woman is nothing if she isn't a woman; then proceeds with typical thoroughness to develop a humdinger of a thesis on the subject.

"Many people overlook the obvious," Howard says. "Since you want me to talk about women, let's get fundamental, because that's exactly what women are—fundamental.

"They bring us into the world, guide us to maturity and pamper us through marriage. And the one thing that makes them excel at their jobs is that they are feminine. Mind you, I said excel. There are women who go through the experience of marriage and motherhood and never

achieve that true femininity we are talking about. They fail to give as much to life as their seemingly frailer sisters."

But to get back to those lines from "Annie Get Your Gun," Howard literally suited the action to the words when he chose his wife, Helen, a former dancer who worked with him in the stage company of "Oklahoma."

Helen is a slight brown-eyed blonde who is a mere five-foot-three in height. She is so completely feminine in looks and behavior that she embodies Howard's ideal about women in general.

When she married Howard, for example, she gave up her career without a second thought and since has devoted her life strictly to being a wife and mother. She has so thoroughly forgotten her professional life that Howard has to coax her even to visit his studio.

"I personally don't believe in a married woman working if it is at all possible for her to avoid it," he says. "The ideal situation is one in which a mother can give her attention unreservedly to her children, and this is not fully possible when a woman has (CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)

"The thing that makes a woman attractive to a man is the basic fact that she is a woman and the more feminine she is the surer she is of making an impression," says Howard.



My friend Ann

SHE'S PROVING THAT A GIRL CAN BE SUCCESSFUL IN HER MARRIAGE, IN HER CAREER, SET A SPIRITUAL EXAMPLE, AND BE HAPPY—ALL AT THE SAME TIME

MY BAGS were packed, reservations for my flight to the Cannes Film Festival in my purse, a French and Italian dictionary in my suitcase . . . when a sudden relapse of an earlier physical breakdown forced me back to bed. All my plans had collapsed with the doctor's orders: "You are to stay in bed at least two weeks, and not to leave the house for a month . . ."

I couldn't have been more disappointed. That evening, when my spirits hit an all-time low, Mom brought the phone to my bed. "Call for you, dear."

"I don't want to talk to anyone."

"It's Ann Blyth."

"Oh, that's different. It'll be good to talk to her."

Ann was the first of my friends to call. Having heard what happened, she wanted to let me know how sorry she was, and to find out if there was anything she could do.

It was so typical of Ann. She'd just finished "The Student Prince," and she was working on a television show, planning her nursery, and shopping for the first time in weeks—yet she found time to call and let me know she was thinking of me.

In the eight years I've known her, she's always given me encouragement when I needed it most. Like when

"Ann refused to judge me before she heard my side of the Korean story—it takes a most unusual person to be that way."



Blyth

BY TERRY MOORE

I was getting my divorce from Glenn Davis.

It's amazing that in a town so full of divorces you can be ostracized so easily for your actions. I speak from experience. Yet Ann, whose religion doesn't permit divorce, was full of genuine sympathy. She treated me as if I had gone through an illness, and needed help to recover.

No matter how busy she was, she called regularly, and for about three months after Glenn and I had separated, made every effort to see me as often as possible.

And look at her attitude when I came back from Korea early this year. I was accused by a good number of people of having turned my trip into a publicity stunt on my behalf. One of my closest friends announced to the press that had she been in Korea with me, she'd have told me off right on the spot, and that before she ever checked with me as to what really had happened. When she found out, she was sorry about her earlier statement and we remained friends.

On the other hand, Ann didn't make any statement before I came back. Instead, the day after I arrived she let me know she was glad I had come back safely, and asked me to tell her about the trip—in my own words.

I am not trying to defend my actions. All I want to point out is the different attitudes of two of my best friends toward the same incident. One believed what she read in the papers, which is only human, normal, and forgivable. I might have reacted the same way, under similar circumstances. But Ann refused to judge before she heard my side of it. It takes a most unusual person to be that way.

What makes Ann the type of girl she is?

More than anything else, I think, the idolization of her mother's memory.

Many girls I know—of all ages—will lose their identity once their parents go away for even a weekend. I've seen it in school. I've noticed since how caution is thrown to the wind once parental authority has disappeared beyond the horizon. But Ann—even though her mother has passed away—always has lived as if she were still with her, and the way she'd want her to. In that respect, I don't think she'll ever change.

In other ways, Ann has changed a great deal, particularly during these past few months. It's amazing what her marriage to Jim McNulty and the expected baby have done for her.

Ann had longed for marriage many years before she ever met Jim. If she seemed "cold" (CONTINUED ON PAGE 65)



"I'd like to pattern my life after Ann," says Terry.



"In whatever Ann does she excels—and with such ease!"



Her marriage to Jim has changed Ann, Terry believes.





Doris is warmer, friendlier and more compassionate today than ever before. She's a more settled girl because she is happy in her marriage to Marty Melcher. But she has certain convictions which she refuses to tamper with just to snag some publicity for herself



THE INSIDE STORY OF HOLLYWOOD'S NUMBER ONE ENIGMA

Doris Day is not a snob!

BY PAUL BENEDICT

SUCCESS in Hollywood brings fame, fortune, envy, jealousy and its spawn of hogwash and defamation. No star, no matter how shining her success, no matter how exemplary her private life, is safe from the slings of the professional and amateur detractors who abound in the Hollywoods, ready to take umbrage because a box-office movie doll has the audacity to face a new day without bowing and genuflecting ten times in their direction.

The current victim of the character assassins happens—as is not at all unusual—to be a young lady not in the least bit deserving of their malicious attentions. It is the present fashion among frustrated movie star-baiters to belabor the vivacious songbird of Burbank, Doris Day. She is now being assailed as a bright hope whose warmly praised virtues have allegedly given way to snobbery, temperament, ingratitude and inflation of the cerebellum.

These charges, each and every one of them, may categorically be tossed into the ash can. They are either reckless or malicious flights of fancy, and those who spread

these baseless accusations lend their tongues to slander. Doris Day is a living doll.

There's only one person who would insist that this would approach carrying malarkey to the blarney stone. That pardonable dissenter is Doris Day herself.

"Nobody is perfect," Doris is the first to admit, "least of all me."

Question any of Doris's friends as to whether she's changed now that she's become the hottest thing at Warners since its million-dollar fire several years ago. And this is the kind of answer you'll get:

"Of course she's changed. Doris is a more confident and assured performer than she ever was. Out of that confidence has come even more vitality and vivacity than she displayed in the past. And yes, she's changed as a human being. She's an even warmer, friendlier and more compassionate person than when she started out. She's a more settled girl because she is deeply happy in her marriage and it has given her life (CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)

GUY WITH A HEART

**GUY MADISON AND HIS TRUSTY STEED TRACE
THE ROUTE OF EL CAMINO REAL TO
CALL ATTENTION TO THE HEART FUND**

THE 1954 Heart Fund drive got well under way on the West Coast when Guy Madison mounted "Penny," the thoroughbred sorrel he rode in the Warner Brothers CinemaScope production, "The Command," in San Diego and journeyed to Los Angeles via El Camino Real, the mission trail founded by pioneering Franciscan padres years ago. Colorful ceremonies at the city's plaza, attended by San Diego's Mayor John Butler, launched Guy on his humanitarian trek. En route, Guy stopped at important points and made speeches for the Heart Fund. A parade featuring the Marine Corps Band and marching units was staged at Oceanside. At San Juan Capistrano there was a gala fiesta at the famous mission. The climax of Guy's trip, which was sponsored by the California Mission Trails, was the warm welcome by civic and Heart Association officials, who greeted him on his arrival at Los Angeles' City Hall, and the gratitude expressed for his efforts on behalf of the 1954 Heart Fund drive. During the long trip Guy also collected signatures to a petition asking Governor Goodwin J. Knight and the state legislature to restore to the historic trail, now known simply as Highway 101, its former name, El Camino Real.

Across bottom, Left to Right: ►

Checking directions on trail map with modern signpost.

Tiny Maria Sanchez waves goodbye as Guy leaves mission.

End of the trail, arriving at Los Angeles' City Hall.



Guy Madison greets crowd at San Diego before starting trip.



On leaving city, Guy pauses to shake hands with young admirer.





graph fans find Guy cordial and happy to oblige them.



The San Diego High School Band joins Guy in the ceremonies.



and children welcome Guy to San Juan Capistrano mission.



Guy and horse Penny bone up on San Juan Capistrano history.



...there's nothing



Like a girl

BY TAB HUNTER



THIN OR VOLUPTUOUS, PLAIN OR PRETTY, SHORT OR TALL—BLESS 'EM ALL!

FOR THE LAST several weeks I've been on location with Warners' "Battle Cry." Most of it was spent on a little island just south of Puerto Rico where the Marine Corps sends its men for combat training and maneuvers. And, in addition it seems, gets them used to a woman-less existence. When a fellow spends all his waking hours running around, flopping on the ground and climbing hills with a rifle and thirty thousand Marines for companionship, you can bet your government issue boots there's going to be a certain subject on his mind before he hits the sack.

Girls!

Thin girls and voluptuous girls. Plain girls and pretty girls. Short and tall. Bless 'em all!

I'm lucky. Being a young and footloose bachelor I have the opportunity to meet quite a few pin-ups. I won't say they all have that extra rosy look they have from a bunk miles away from home, but there are a few that are even

Terry Moore's the kind of girl that's equally ready for sand and sea and sun or silks and satins and starlight."

better when decorating your arms than when decorating your thoughts.

Terry Moore is a good example of the fact that girls are better than ever. Terry was the last girl I dated before the "Battle Cry" company took off for the never-near-her land of the maneuver area. Naturally I thought of her often on that location. There's an old G.I. saying, "You can't cuddle a carbine."

They just don't make them any sweeter or more companionable than Terry. She's the kind of girl that's equally ready for sand and sea and sun or sophisticated silks, satins and starlight.

On that last date we spent all afternoon down at the ocean; swimming, kidding around and just lying in the hot California sunshine, drinking it in and talking about everything including the fabled cabbages and kings.

We were having such a darned good time that I persuaded Terry to continue the date through the evening. I dropped her off to change for the dinner at Ciro's we'd decided upon and when I returned (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



Anyone'd "Return To Treasure Island" for Dawn Addams!



Tab and Dawn on location. She's now wed to Italian prince.

...there's nothing like a girl (CONTINUED)

for her I met a whole new girl—sophisticated, looking as romantic and ethereal as a princess in a story book. It was a complete change from the kid who cut capers on the shore all day. She was two different girls and I liked both of them.

Terry has the rare quality of being “with” you no matter what your mood. She has fun doing whatever you want to do and she shows it. I guess that’s what puts the extra sparkle into the moments spent with her.

Debbie Reynolds has the same togetherness about her. In fact, she has a way of even being close over the telephone. Her presence and vitality seem to come right through the wires so that they become almost a tangible thing. I’m an expert on that factor because I called Debbie frequently from location and never got over that tremendous singing quality that seems to come right into the room.

Every day’s a wonderful day to Debbie. She hasn’t any phony ultra-sophistication or bored-with-it-all attitude. From the first time I met her when she was just starting, until now, when she’s one of the brightest young lights in

the business, she’s always been just the same. Happy. Bright. Unaffected. Lovable.

The first time I met her she was the date of a buddy of mine and we were on our way to the Ice Capades. It was a gala opening and there were enough furs around to keep Alaska warm. Debbie glanced at her simple cloth coat and made a crack about how she’d have killed her cat had she known furs were in order.

Debbie’s fun and surprises, and a merry-go-round, all wrapped up in a cute little package. And the bundle’s got brains and consideration to top it off.

There was the time I decided, after some careful figuring, that my check book could stand the attack of one lavish dinner at a good spot. It meant the bank account would be slightly ventilated, but I knew it was worth it. I made the invitation to dinner, something most girls expect, but Debbie said, “Sure I’d love to, but why don’t you play chef right at home?”

She knew I hadn’t been working and that the expense might possibly hurt a little. She even volunteered to bake a cake. Another surprise. I never thought she was do-



mestic. As it turned out I might have been right, because the cake was a little soggy and just a trifle lop-sided. She assured me it was just an off-day for cakes, but as far as I was concerned it was the prettiest cake in the world. It had a certain rakish, devil-may-care look about it.

But with all the crazy party-hat gaiety, Debbie's warm and sensitive inside. The kind of girl that cried when she heard her friend Janie Powell's last number opening night at the Coconut Grove. She was laughing and crying for happiness and her heart was showing through. I guess it all comes under the heading of a sense of values, knowing and feeling instinctively what's right and what's wrong.

Lori Nelson's that type. She looks drawing-roomish. The kind of girl who would seem to prefer cocktail parties and afternoon teas to a romp on the beach or the tennis court. Actually, she rides and swims terrifically and is ready any time to learn to ski and skate. She's sincere, lovely and understanding. What more can I say after I say I'm crazy about her?

And Marilyn Erskine. She has years of New York stage

experience behind her. Been in the theatre ever since she was four. When she signed to be my co-star in the stage production of "Our Town" last Fall I was as green as grass. I'd had some Little Theatre work but I'd never trod the professional boards. Marilyn could have clobbered me if she'd chosen to. Many other actresses would have taken advantage of my inexperience to make themselves look better no matter how good they were to begin with. Not so Marilyn. During rehearsals she invited me to her home for dinner and spent hours going over the scenes with me. She was willing to give of her time and knowledge freely to help me.

I think that's a tremendously warm and valuable quality in a girl. The desire to help someone when no real benefit accrues to herself.

All this may make it appear that I think girls are made of sugar, spice and all the other goodies they talk about. Most girls I've met are just that. Almost always they've been nice people and not just pretty girls. Of course, I've been fortunate. Like any other guy, however, my batting average hasn't been one thousand (CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)

"Like any other guy my batting average hasn't been one thousand by any means, but most of the girls I've met are nice people and not just pretty girls. I've been fortunate."



"Lori Nelson's sincere, lovely. What more can I say after I say I'm crazy about her?"



"Marilyn Erskine gave up time to help me. That's a warm quality in a girl."

"Debbie Reynolds is fun and surprises all wrapped up in a cute little package."



**THREE MONTHS A YEAR
JAN STERLING HAS A
DAUGHTER—LITTLE
MAGGIE DOUGLAS, WHO
KNOWS THE STEPMOTHER
FABLE IS OUTDATED**



SUMMERTIME

THIS is a modern fable of how a little girl with two parents came to love her stepmother, too . . .

Jan Sterling says, very matter of factly, "I had a child the first month I was married!" For a minute you blink, as you think maybe Jan is rehearsing a line that sounds like a typical statement of the screen Sterling, for one of her pungent bad-girl portrayals. Then, blue eyes twinkling that very nice off-screen Sterling twinkle, she explains, "Maggie—a ready made little girl of five. What could have been sweeter?"

This, then, is the story of Jan, of the man she married, Paul Douglas . . . and, mostly, of Maggie, Paul's little girl by his marriage to Virginia Field.

It's because of the large number of broken homes in our modern life, and the larger number of step-parents resulting from it, that Jan wanted to tell this story. So let Jan tell it, mostly in her own words:

"I've seen too many children torn between two homes; a central figure in a tug-of-war. My own family divorced when I was eight years old. Whatever understanding I have been able to bring to Maggie might be because I could put myself in her place, in the same situation.

"I had always wanted a little girl, and suddenly, I had one. Now, I didn't have to look in shop windows and wish I had a little girl to buy cute dresses for. Yet Maggie has a mother; the last thing I wanted was to try to

take her place. I knew, too, the terrible resentment there is in a child's mind at the very word, 'stepmother.' After all the fairy tales of wicked old stepmothers, I shrunk from the word myself. I realized this wasn't going to be easy to put over.

"But here Paul and I were, just married—and we were going to have a ready-made girl of five, almost right away. Paul hadn't seen much of her himself. He and Virginia had separated when Maggie was eight or nine months old; she had lived in a succession of places with her mother, from England to Nassau, ever since.

"Paul lived a bachelor life, and it was better that way. But now he could give Maggie a home, and we wanted to make it a home right away, without any waiting. We wanted to make Maggie a part of our life from the beginning.

"Waiting for Maggie to arrive, I kept thinking nervously, 'The first impression is going to stick!' I had tried to pick a dress a little girl would like. But, like a girl on her first date, I kept trying on other things, trying to decide what would appeal to a five-year-old. You see, I couldn't be her mother, so I decided I'd be the next closest thing; her girl friend. I believe I didn't want her to think I was grown up.

"All the time, I was trying to think of what she'd like or what would make her like me. Suddenly, I remembered: I could spit through my teeth! At Maggie's age

When Maggie is with her father, Paul Douglas, and Jan, she's always in the middle, whatever they do.

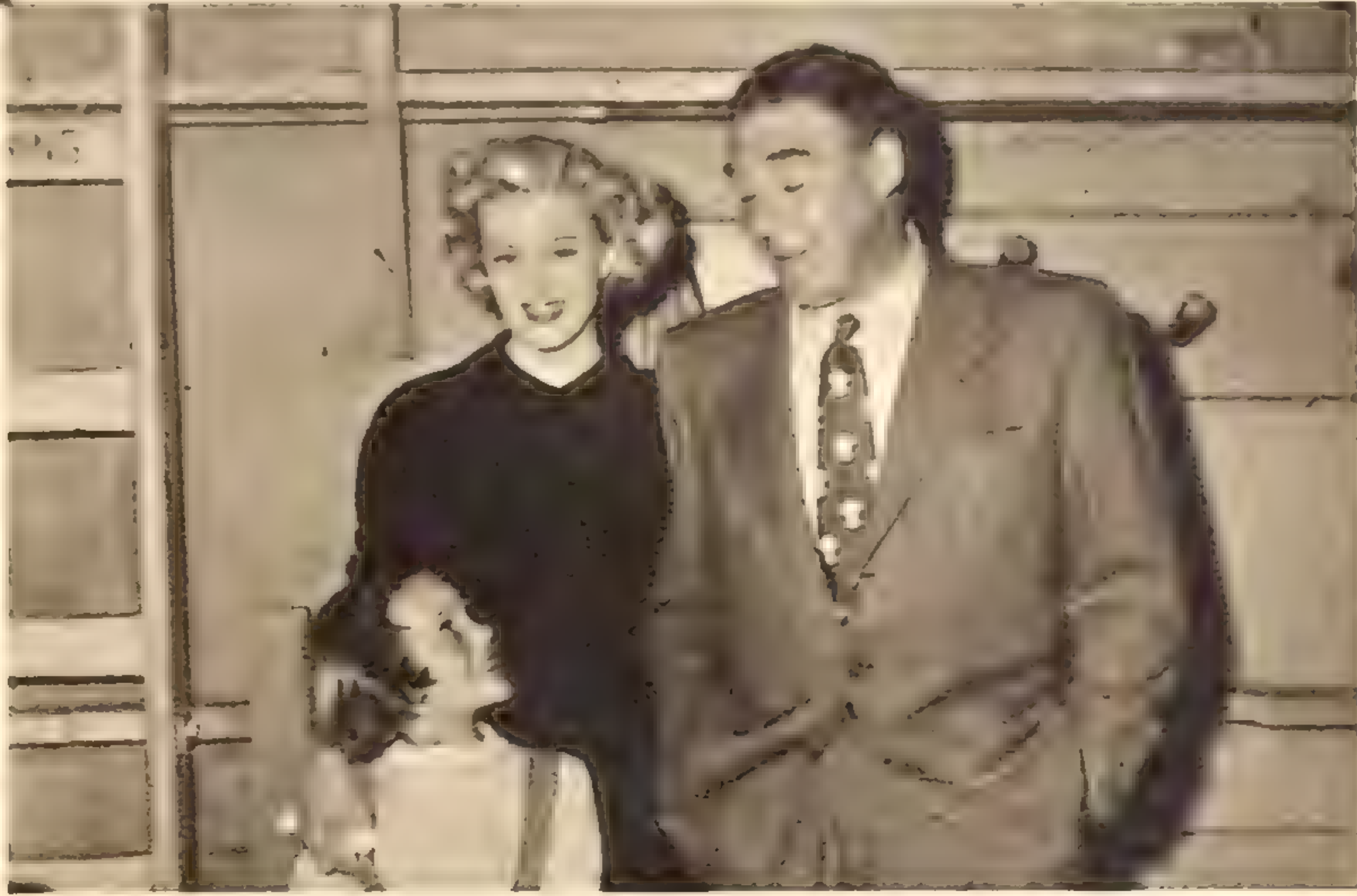


◀ *A child of divorce herself, Jan knows the situation Maggie is in, has been able to bring her understanding and friendship.*

Maggie came to visit soon after the Douglas' marriage. "We wanted her a part of our life from the beginning."



Jan fills a definite place in Maggie's life, and in turn she has the daughter she wanted.



MOTHER

BY FRANCES FRANKLIN

It had seemed like a fascinating accomplishment, and I had badgered the little boy next door until he divulged the secret to me of how it was done.

"Paul introduced me to Maggie merely by saying, 'This is Janie.' Pretty soon, we were busy blowing bubbles. It was during a game of tag that I suddenly called, 'Look Maggie, watch me!' Very casually, I did the spitting-through-the-teeth routine. It won Maggie's admiration. But I knew I had won something precious when, large-eyed and solemn, she said, 'You know, I didn't think I was going to like you at all. But I think you're wonderful.'

"Originally, we were to have Maggie one month out of every four. That's how I became a mother three months out of the year! But it was too interrupting for her to be picked up and put down during the school year.

"So it turned out we had her mostly during the summer months. But since she's been growing up—Maggie will be ten this year!—she's been more or less allowed to make her own decisions. She will come to us on weekends, holidays, whenever she feels like being with her father and me.

"Having two homes might present its problems, but it also has its advantages. Like two Christmases, and two birthdays! Naturally, Maggie would sometimes play both ends against the middle. Take the case of the chewing gum. We didn't know that Virginia didn't allow it, and

Maggie just never bothered to impart the information to us. Once she called her mother from our place, and Virginia asked, 'What are you doing, dear?' 'I,' Maggie told her emphatically, 'am chewing gum!' Paul talked to her, and made her realize she didn't need these defenses to prove her importance. She was lucky, he told her, because now she had four people who loved her.

"It's pretty hard to explain to a child who asks, 'Why aren't we going to live together any more?' This is something that's beyond a child's understanding. But a divorce doesn't have to be handled so that a child feels the bottom has dropped out from under her. It is only the parents' acting that way that makes it so. The less fuss made about it, as if someone had died or the world had come to an end, the better adjustment she can make.

"What else can be said—except to try to explain that daddy and mother can't be together any more, but that they both love her exactly the same as before? Unsatisfactory, perhaps. But love, to a child, can work out many compromises.

"I remember when mother decided to get her divorce, she took my sister and me to Reno. The importance was put on the trip, and the things we were going to see and do; not the divorce. The desert and the cowboys turned out to be pretty interesting. Children are really the most resilient people!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 55)



BY HELEN GOULD

WHETHER THEY'RE MR. AND MRS. HESTON OR
MR. AND MRS. CLARKE, CHARLTON
AND LYDIA ARE A PART OF EACH OTHER

Charlton Heston's

When Charlton Heston says "It is surprising how much help a man can be to a woman just by supplying a little beef!" you know he's proud to do things for his Lydia. And this has been going on for nine years.



The constantly traveling Hestons make their headquarters in Chicago, where Lydia's stage work keeps her; also have homes in New York, Hollywood and Michigan



Life as Mr. Clarke

ON THE opening night of Lydia Clarke's current play, "The Seven Year Itch," her close friends Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas had sent a wire: "Know you will be great, all our love. Best to Mr. Clarke."

"Mr. Clarke," better known as Charlton Heston, got a bigger chuckle out of that than Mrs. Heston, that opening night in Chicago's Blackstone Theatre. And it isn't because he has reached the secure point in his career where being called by his wife's name can be a source of fond amusement to Chuck. Nor does he leave it at that. Charlton Heston feels that his role as "Mr. Clarke" is a very real one.

He says things like, "It's surprising how much help a man can be to a woman—just by supplying a little beef!"—and proceeds to illustrate how this applies even to such a feminine province as shopping. "Lyd," he smiles, "can get enmeshed in so many bundles she looks like she needs a trailer. Even when we were broke and the only shopping she did was for food, she could manage the same thing in a supermarket."

Last summer, Lydia and Chuck had stolen a week together at their timberland acres in Michigan. As usual, they were soon parted again by their separate careers. Chuck was flying to Hollywood to make "The Naked Jungle." Lydia was driving one of their two Packards to New York to do a TV show and rehearse for the Chicago company of "The Seven Year Itch."

She was to arrive in New York on a Sunday. On Saturday, Chuck received a wire from her that she had left her copy of the play in Michigan. He realized that she

would need it when she got there, and where was she going to get it—on a Sunday? To Heston's direct approach, this was no problem. He simply wired Brentano's bookstore—and a fresh, new copy of "The Seven Year Itch" was waiting for Lydia on the doorstep, when she reached their New York apartment.

Nor does Heston think that such thoughtfulness above and beyond the call of duty is one-sided. "When things were worse," he remembers vividly, "it was Lyd who was the one to do things for me. I've never been able to cook breakfast, but she would fix mine, no matter how early a call she had on her modeling job. When I got out of the Army and couldn't find a thing to keep an unemployed actor busy, I couldn't drive her to work and pick her up, as I do now. But I could *walk* her to work! It's just a good balance to marital difficulties—and it has always worked for us!"

With his own career at full tilt, he can still take the generous attitude toward Lydia's work expressed thus: "Whenever I can, I try to subordinate my incidental interests to her professional interests." *Incidental* interests? Well, yes, if you could so classify making four pictures in the past year, plus sandwiching in "Macbeth" at the Bermuda Drama Festival and a few other professional sundries such as a location stint in Peru for "Legend Of The Incas."

It was during the past year, with Lydia's career flourishing, that Charlton Heston really mapped out what he calls his life as "Mr. Clarke." Chicago, where her stage work has kept her most of the time, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)



"I LIVE AN EXCITING LIFE"

—SAYS JOAN CRAWFORD

BY MAY MAN

"I T'S ALWAYS this way with Joan, and I've known her for years," an important director remarked as he stood in the midst of a fascinated crowd watching Joan Crawford. She had just stepped off the train and was now simultaneously counting thirty-six pieces of red and blue luggage, handing over the baggage checks for four trunks, tipping porters, signing autographs and calling greetings to a bevy of friends who were on hand to welcome her home after a whirl of several weeks in Texas, Mexico, and New York. "She was born for excitement and she is always exciting."

When these words were relayed to Joan the next day she said, "I guess it is that I love life—good, bad, or indifferent, it is always interesting. It's a challenge even when it's not exactly fun," she sighed.

"I haven't had a secretary since a week before Christmas. This morning I returned four pages of calls that accumulated while I was away."

Sound exciting? Take Joan's word for it, it is. And it's double the fun after you've been working hard. "I'll never go seven years again without playing. It's not fair to yourself to do that."

"Being dull and leading a routine, unhappy life is—to me—a great sin," she said, the lighter mood changing to overtones of the more serious. "It isn't fair to oneself, nor to anyone else!"

"Of course, people can always say—'Look at her. She's

surrounded by glamour and people who say "How beautiful you are!" etc., etc., so her life should be exciting. They should see the reality! Right now I'm in the middle of a mess here at home. The rain has caused a few gallons of water to flood my lovely new parquet floor in the dining room. My beautiful walls and drapes are ruined. The workmen are here to repair the damage, but they can't find the leak! The twins have chickenpox. And to add to it all, tomorrow I'm having a few of my closest friends for dinner. My cook has quit. Doesn't that sound exciting?" she laughed with a little half moan. "It's a challenge. I've got to meet it and do something about it. And, oh yes! I have a brand new beau."

A beautiful gold locket on an unusually designed chain centered with a single blue—true blue—sapphire with the C. in large letters inscribed on the back, glittered with newness from around Joan's neck.

"I hadn't taken time out for fun and romance for a long time. I was having too much fun raising my children and working," she said. "Then, too, I didn't want to be on every night with this one and that one which might jeopardize the welfare of my children or make me appear promiscuous. I have many friends, it is true, but I was kept so busy with my work, and I love the work, that suddenly I found myself tired and needing a change."

"Now I'm tired, but it is a different kind of tired. I had so many dates in New York, that I felt like a woman

again—a dame, instead of a business woman. There was a time when I resented the remark, 'She's a nice dame.' Now I know a man means it as a compliment. I was all woman for a change—and business was forgotten. I discovered that routine was getting me into a rut, so I did something about it by taking a vacation!

"It would take hours to tell about my trip. I started for the Film Festival in Brazil, then switched plans to go to the Richard Gills' in Texas. It was a dream—parties, ranches, music, a trip to Monterey, Mexico, with my host and hostess taking over a picturesque hotel for our party. Then on to the Raymondbelle Ranch and hearing stories about Pancho Villa, seeing round-ups—everything! And then I went to New York.

"There hasn't been anyone in my life for a long time. I was hoping," Joan said with complete honesty, "like any girl on vacation to meet some special one. Franchot Tone knew I was coming to New York (*we always correspond*) and he was completely wonderful. He sent flowers and had tickets for me for his play and several other shows. And we talked, and danced, and laughed, and recalled the time when we both studied singing. We were serious about it; we studied opera. Now with the bitterness all gone, I thought to myself, 'If I'd only been more mature, and had had a sense of humor when we were married!' However, one cannot go back—not even wishful thinking could make it so.

"There were parties galore, and the biggest one lasted all night. Eddie Fisher (*he's a darling*), John Conte, Gertrude Neisen, Russell Nype, and some others started singing. We had such fun. Besides giving me four big bottles of perfume, Mr. Harris and Mr. Wynn, the owners of the Harwyn Club where the party was held, presented me with a beautiful gold guitar pin set with diamonds and pearls to commemorate my picture, 'Johnny Guitar.'

"Enroute home I stopped off in Chicago. Betty and Jim Hart gave a luncheon for me in the Pump Room. Some mutual friends asked permission to bring a certain nice

man to lunch to meet me. He was charming. I was impressed with his good manners and gentlemanly ways. After lunch, we walked and chatted. Passing Bramson's I stopped to look at a little pink hat with roses and a red veil that was in the window. 'It looks like Easter,' I said.

"'Would you be insulted or think me rude to give you an Easter bonnet?' he asked. 'Please let me buy it for you!' And taking hold of my arm, he escorted me inside. When we left, he again took my arm and with a smile tipped his hat to the salesladies.

"It is wonderful to meet a man who really plays a man's role. A man who wants to do something for a woman. There are so few. Or they say, 'What can I get her? She has everything!' They don't know that it is the thought that is so important. I love gifts like bar towels, bar napkins, and many little things that delight a woman.

"Life is exciting if you make the effort—sometimes more, sometimes less, to make and keep it so. It is all not 'You are wonderful, Miss Crawford' for me. There have been times on a set before 150 to 400 people when a director has said, 'Do you think it is amateur night in Dixie? That scene is not good. Let's try it again, Miss Crawford.' Do I get humiliated and boo hoo? Where would that get me? I've developed a sense of humor that makes me reply, 'Yes, wasn't it awful. Please don't replace me. Let me try it again!'

"I used to be the hurt and crushed kind. Now, thank goodness, I have a sense of humor, and with it you can get what you want out of life—if you really want it. Sure, things don't go right always. Times like that I lock myself up in my room and walk it out, or talk it out with myself. I am not going to take it out on the people around me. I believe you should lock up your worst side, and show the good. That's what people want to see.

"It's the expectancy of good and what's next, and looking for it that gives a woman a look in her eye, a tilt to her head, and a walk that makes her exciting, and keeps her that way," Joan laughed. And she's the perfect example! **END**

Like big star she is Joan gives full attention to entertainer at a party.



With radio director Hans Conreid. "Life is exciting if you make it exciting," says Joan.



Joan gaily teams up with Gertrude Neisen in a duet.



BY BILL TUSHER

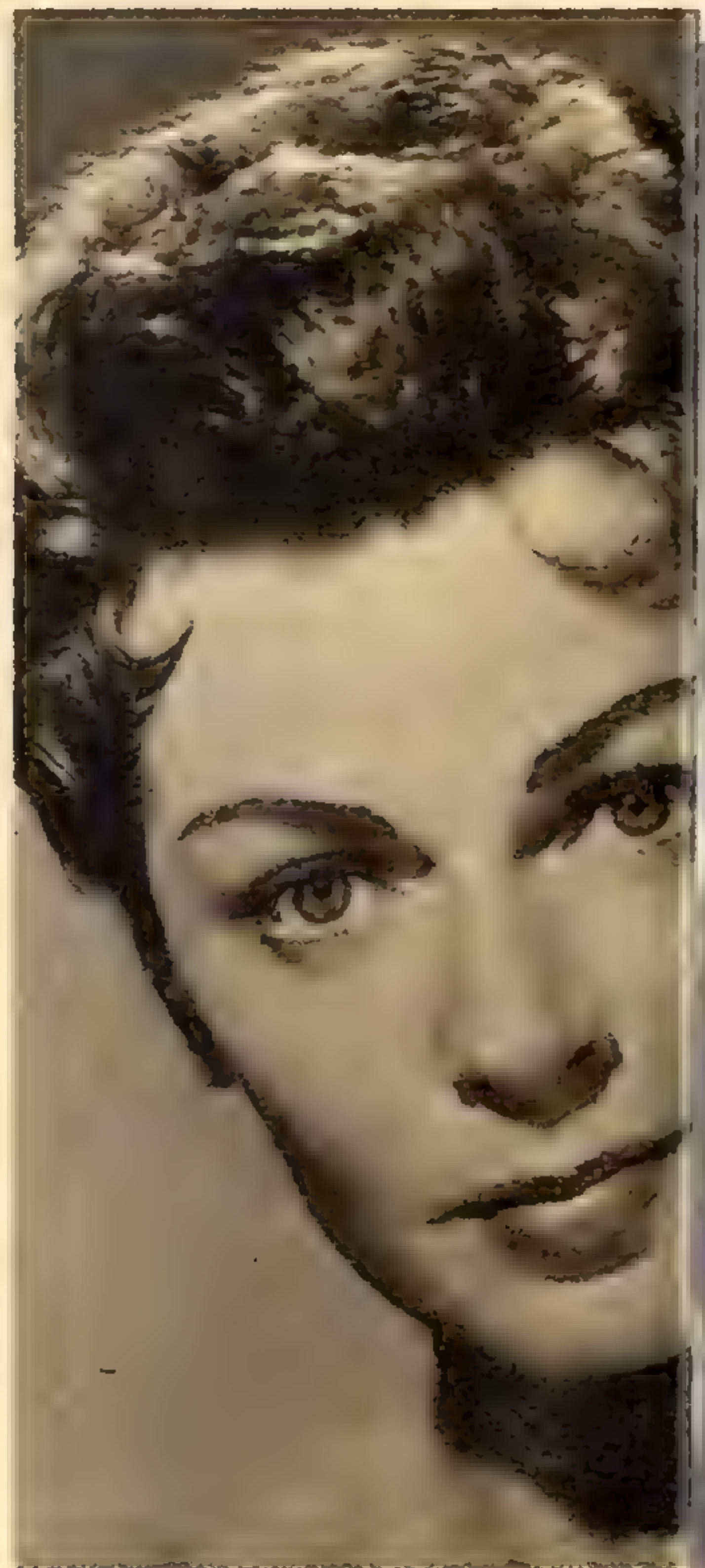
The Loves of LIBERACE



Liberace and his mother look over his piano-shaped guest book.



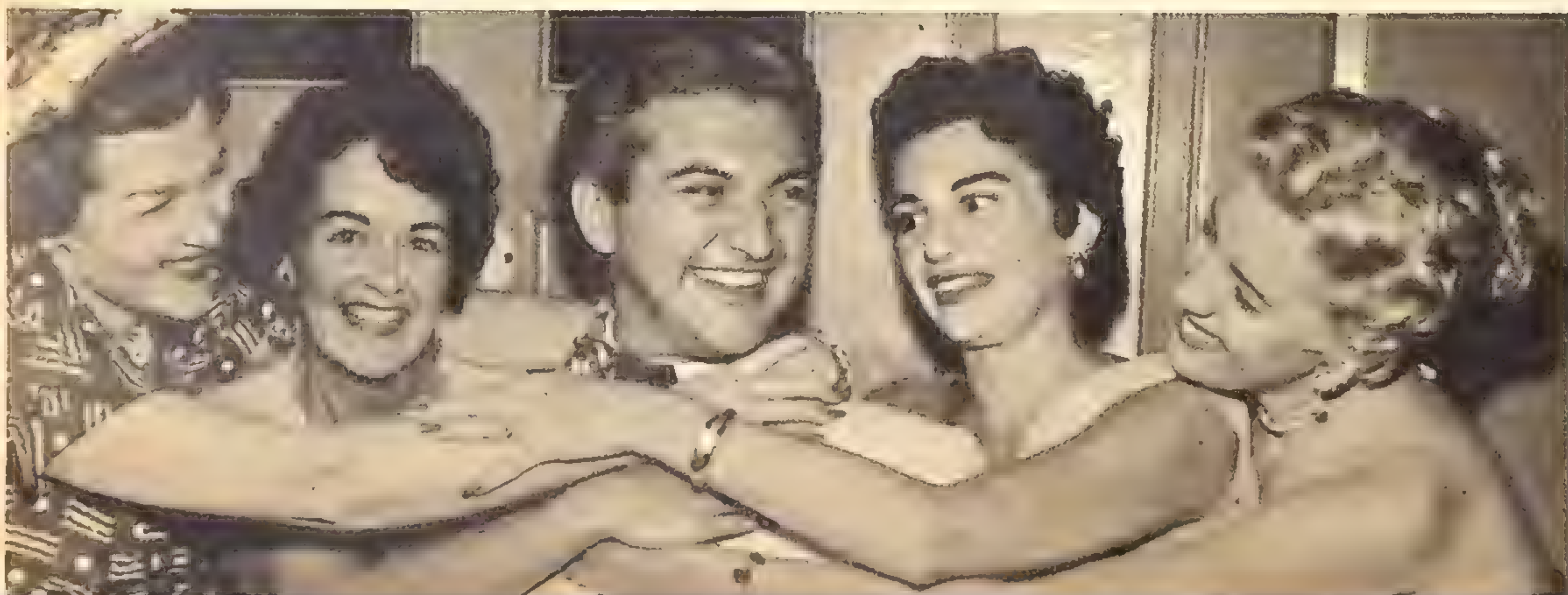
He likes a girl on the Monroe type.



He's captivated Lana Turner.

TV'S NEW FAVORITE REVEALS HIS PAST

ROMANCES—AND HIS HOPES FOR THE FUTURE



As thousands of other American women do, Jo Stafford, Helen Fedderson, Billie Heller and Jayne Liberace react to the charm of Liberace with romantic frenzy.



At his famed piano, Liberace accompanies his brother George.



Music is his life. When not playing, he listens to records.



He chats with Jane Russell and Bob Hope after a performance.



His sister-in-law and mother are among his severest critics.

ONE OF THE most burning questions on the highly combustible contemporary American scene is the romantic future of one Walter Valentino Liberace. Best known only as Liberace, he is the curly haired, dimpled piano provocateur who has invaded the dreams and hearts of American womanhood. His weekly television program is regarded by girls from six to sixty as a clandestine crypt, representing the consummation of their wildest romantic hopes.

Through the trojan horse of the image-orthicon tube, this ingratiating six-foot Casanova of the keyboard infiltrates an estimated 35,000,000 parlors a week. His whispered endearments and sweet smiles generate more romantic radiation than the hallowed incense of the im-

mortal lover of the silent screen, Rudolph Valentino, with whom Liberace is often compared.

The gentle, apple-cheeked maestro from Milwaukee has become a remarkable force to deal with in the always fascinating realm of the heart. In technique and manner, the mild Liberace has nothing other than his middle name in common with the dashing late Lothario of the speechless flickers. Yet he accomplishes more with a honeyed smile and purring conversation than Valentino did in a volcanic burst of romantic fire on a white steed across the ersatz sands of Arabia. Where Valentino took his women by storm, Liberace takes them by soothing balm. Although the methods of these two great lovers are as different as day from night, the (CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)



High-tension TROUBADOUR

BY FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

ANOTHER CROSBY—BOB—CONCENTRATES ON KEEPING PEOPLE HAPPY

BOB CROSBY, as viewed by millions of TV fans coast-to-coast on a Monday through Friday basis, gives the impression of being a jaunty, carefree neighbor, imperturbably at ease with the world. His melodic voice, refreshing as mint after rain, his folksy delivery, his unassuming but confident mien impart, his audiences declare, a restored faith in this somewhat less than nerveless world.

Like all performances marked by virtuosity, Bob Crosby's nonchalance is constructed, primarily, of masterly showmanship instead of personal calm. He has the perfectionist's love of his job and resolve to give it his top effort. Furthermore, TV has peculiar importance to Bob. He started singing as the second Crosby; when he succeeded on radio, it was a second success in the family; when his recordings made cash registers ring like sleigh bells, the jingle was a repeat performance. Not that there is or ever has been a note of jealousy between the brothers; the Crosby clan is one of the most harmonious in this or any other city, yet a fact is a fact is a fact. Brother Bing is a phenomenon—a phenomenon who is not interested in conquering TV. This medium is all Bob's, and he loves it with the fervency of a lad who has earned his first personal, non-hand-me-down suit of clothes. His care of this prize is in proportion to his enthusiasm for it.

Probably this explains why Bob never does an "easy" show. Every day represents a maximum effort as indicated by the fact that his dining routine goes like this: he has breakfast around eight, goes to the studio and sets to work on the show. It goes on the air from 12:30 p.m. until one o'clock, Pacific Standard Time on the CBS television network. Bob is so keyed up after the sign-off that he is unable to trust his alimentary canal with food until he reaches home around dinner time.

In operation, Bob's show opens with a bright, catchy number, something along the lines of "If You Ever Get To

My Home Town" which Bob helped to write. This is followed by a love song, then a comedy number. Next, there is always a game (*very popular with homemakers planning parties*), a sign-off for those stations leaving at the end of the first fifteen minutes, then a hit song, another game, and finally "the faith spot."

Bob stumbled onto the idea for "the faith spot" while he was the star of Club 15. One day while introducing a ballad with a sentimental title, he was given the signal by the program's engineer indicating that the program was running ahead of schedule and a slight slow-down was necessary. In one of those flashes that mark the difference between a top-flight pro and the merely competent performer, Bob ad-libbed a five or six line essay about the importance of love songs in our lives. This simple bit of homespun philosophy elicited so much fan mail that Bob decided to include a similar recitative in the longer show as it was developed later.

Nowadays so many listeners request copies of the "poem" that these recitatives (*written by famed radio and TV scripter Carroll Carroll*) are mimeographed and mailed daily by the dozens. Following is the philosophical observation that Bob used in the midst of the song, "I Apologize":

"I apologize' . . . two words too many people find too difficult to say. No one knows the number of happy homes that have been destroyed because someone was too proud, or too stubborn to say the two words no love should ever be afraid to say . . . 'I'm sorry.' Over and over we hear this everlasting truth: 'to err is human to forgive divine.' It must be equally true that to be big enough in heart and mind and spirit to ask forgiveness must also, in its own humble way, be touched with divinity. A wise man once said, 'It takes two to make a quarrel and the smartest always gives in.' So when

little things—or even big ones—threaten to divide *you* from the one you love, be smart. It's sometimes better to be loved than to be right. In fact, I think it's *always* better, because there's no misunderstanding that an honest apology can't correct, no honest apology that anyone won't accept. I'm sure there would be many more happy homes if all husbands and wives would remember never to finish a day without a goodnight kiss."

Anent this capsule sermon, a Southern gentleman wrote to Bob, saying, "My wife and I had quarreled bitterly and we had decided that divorce was the only possible answer to our troubles. Then I heard you sing 'I Apologize' and recite that little 'poem' about it. I went home that night, stuck my head in the door and said, 'I'm sorry, honey. I apologize.' My wife had never heard me do that before in all the years of our marriage. She started to cry, and said, 'I heard Bob Crosby's program, too.' You've done us a real favor. Thanks."

Bob's favorite recitative is "Oh, My Papa." The commentary on this one goes as follows:

"'Oh, my papa, he always understood!' Our women-folk, those who love us most, like to say, 'Men are just little boys grown tall.' This must be true because the light that shines in the eyes of a boy, when he speaks of his father, shines just as brightly in his heart when he grows to manhood. For it's a light that was kindled by love and devotion and is kept warm and glowing by respect and understanding. As every man remembers, there are moments in a boy's life when his feelings for his father flow over him and engulf him in an emotion that he, himself, does not understand, and cannot understand until the friendly years have endowed him with the perception of a man and the blessed privilege of being called 'father.' Then, and only then, will he know why he felt as he did when he was a boy, and he hopes that his son will feel the same about him. He'll pray for strength to keep himself worthy of twice sharing the deep, tender and indescribably beautiful relationship that exists only between father and son, son and father."

One of the reasons, or better, the five reasons this has such profound meaning for Bob is that he is the parent of a quintet. The eldest is Cathy, now fifteen. Next comes Chris, eleven. Behind him comes Robert, Junior, nine, followed by Stevie, seven. The baby is Malia (pronounced Mah-LEE-ah, which is Hawaiian for Mary), not yet three.

"They are," says Bob without bothering to strain the pride from his tone, "five normal young savages."

Cathy hopes for a career in show business. Bob is planning for her to make intermittent performances with him during Christmas and Easter vacations, but the family understanding is that she must first acquire a background of values and an education before she may start her career. She has one worry, expressed as follows to her father, "Everybody tells me I look (CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)



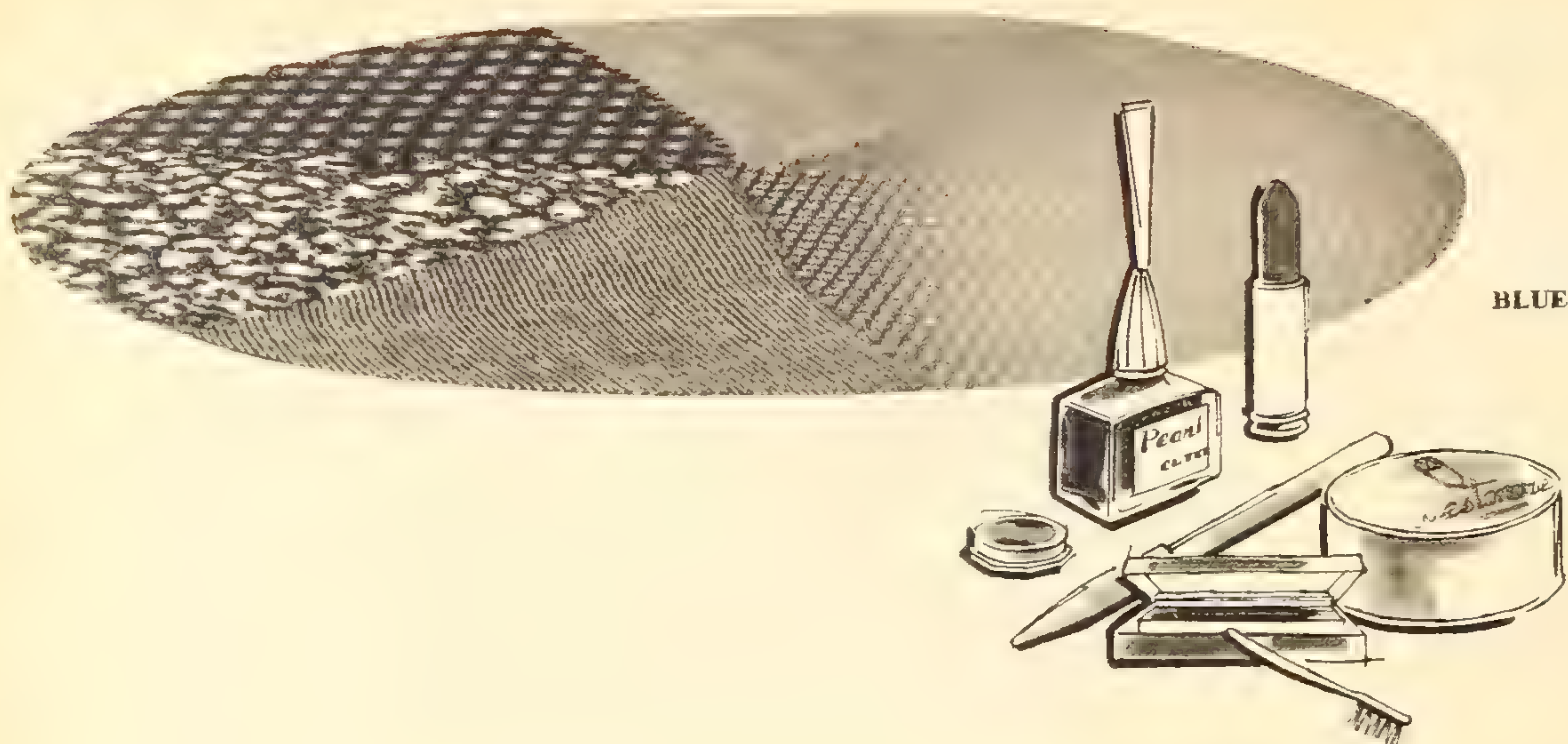
Bob plays for the Modernaires, Paula Kelly, Alan Copeland, Hal Dickinson, John Drake, Francis Scott, his vocalists.



Chris, 11, and Bobby, 9, join papa Bob in reading the comic books to baby Malia, 3. Chris has an eye on show business.



Crosby mouths water while Bob carves the turkey. Clockwise, the clan includes Bobby, Cathy, 15, Mrs. C., who has resumed studying for her M. D. degree, Malia, Chris, Stevie, aged 7.



BY MARCIA MOORE

THE BASIC MATERIALS

BLUES—A color range flattering to most. Shown above, a group of textured fabrics which come in a variety of shadings. These 4-yard dress-lengths, just \$2.98. McCrory Stores carry a large selection of rayon blends in both dressy and casual fabrics, ranging from flannels to failles.

If you choose GREEN tones . . . it might be rayon flannel 39" wide, 59¢, or felt which comes in many brilliant shades. From W. T. GRANT Stores. Also at Grant's, Orelay gingham, mercerized and Sanforized in a variety of styles and shades. Textured rayons are available in fabrics for sportswear and show up in Bur-Mil's antique taffeta, "Beau Bait," a party-dress fabric in Chrome-spun, a color-fast acetate. 89¢ a yard, 44-45 inches wide. (See Lisa Kirk, page 50, wearing a dress of "Beau Bait.")

If your preference is for a fabric in ORANGE, TANGERINE or RUST . . . H. L. GREEN has a wide sampling. Nylon net, 72 in. wide, 69¢ a yard, comes in rust and many rainbow colors. Wonderful for overdress or petticoats. Fine-quality corduroy, washable, comes in solid colors, 79¢ and in checks, plaids and novelty patterns, 98¢. And in rayon and acetate plaids, bold colorings are available in large and small patterns. In 44-45 inch widths, 49¢ a yard. Solid color cottons, guaranteed washable for 39¢ a yard, in 36-inch widths, in a full range of colors.

Just as you select a fabric to suit your coloring, so should your make-up selection suit your clothes' color scheme. We have matched fabric color families for home sewing with cosmetic colorings that will completely harmonize with you and what you wear. If you select a BLUE fabric—Cutex "Rose" pearl polish, 39¢, and matching "Pink 'n Sweet" lipstick, 29¢; Westmore's "Castillian" powder, 33¢; Maybelline's blue eye-liner pencil, 15¢; midnight blue mascara, 35¢; and blue eye shadow, 15¢. . . . If you select a fabric in the GREEN family—your choice of color make-up covers a wide range. However, the brilliant new color, "Strike Me Pink," in Cutex nail polish and lipstick, is the one we recommend. The polish, in the spillproof bottle, 25¢. The lipstick, which is indelible, 29¢. Pond's Angel Face cake powder in "Ivory Angel." Here, we have shown the mirrored compact case for \$1. This also comes in a 59¢ and 89¢ case (*without the mirror*). For eye beauty, Maybelline's cream mascara and soft eyebrow pencil. Both in "Velvet Black." The mascara, 15¢; and the pencil, 15¢. . . . If it's ORANGE, TANGERINE or RUST—Cutex "Fire Engine" polish, 25¢, and "Fire Engine" lipstick, 59¢; Nestle's colorinse No. 21, "Platinum." This adds color-highlights and sheen! It comes in 11 enchanting shades, from silver gray to black, 10¢. Maybelline green eye shadow, 15¢, to glamorize your eyes. To blend with your facial coloring and the clothes you wear: Westmore's Tru-Glo, the new liquid make-up, perfect for all types of skin, 59¢. This in "Natural" which is a safe color blend for the fabrics in the Orange family; Lady Esther powder, in many dreamy new shades, but the selected color, "Honey," is by far the most complimentary for this color scheme. Lady Esther face powder comes in the following: 15¢, 29¢ and 59¢ sizes. Maria Tallchief, prima ballerina of the New York City Ballet, models a dress of Bates "Disciplined" cotton in Simplicity Pattern #4733; for 35¢.

GREEN



SCREENLAND VARIETY VALUES



ORANGE



THE BASIC MATERIALS (CONT'D)

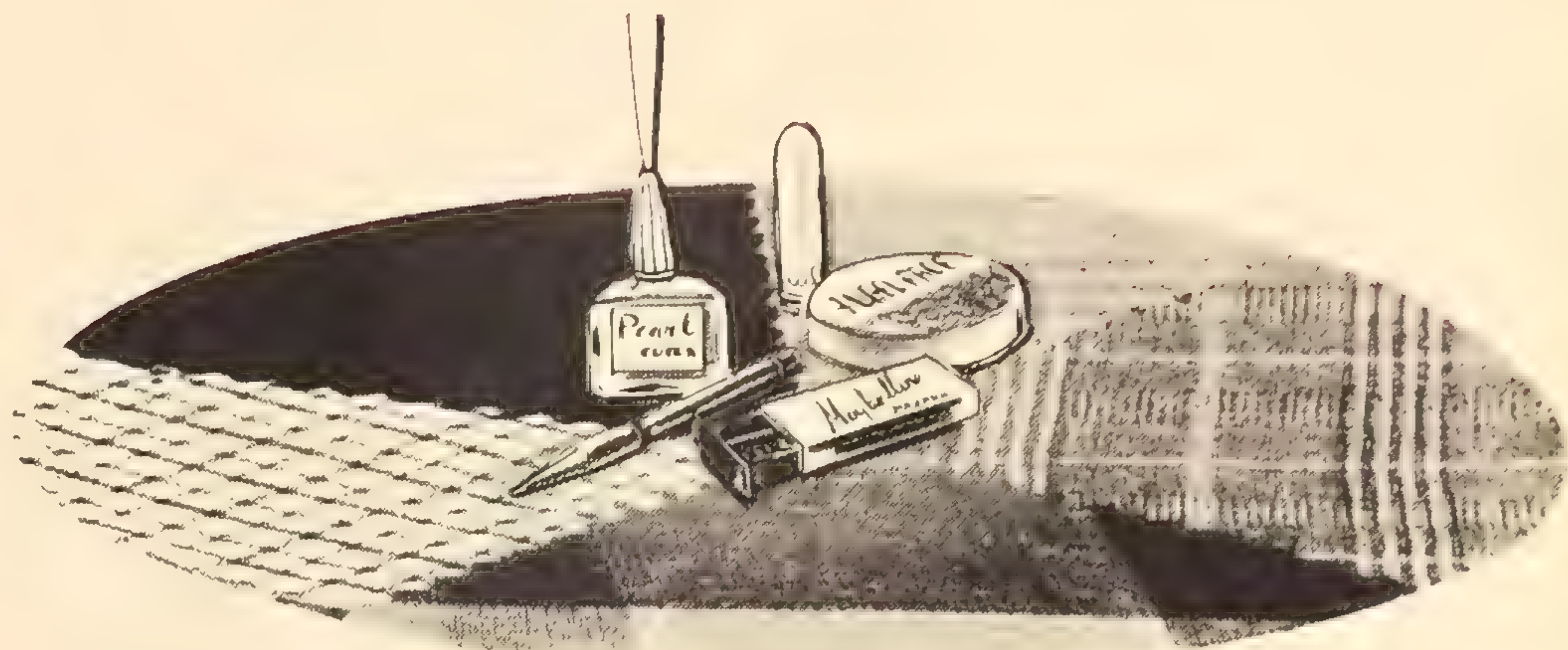


RED

TRUE REDS—Exciting and vibrant in solid colors, subtle prints and bold plaids. The fabric chart at left: a group of Fall fabrics from S. H. KRESS Stores. The solid red fabric, "Fruit of the Loom" Star Craft suiting. It's mercerized and pre-shrunk. Good for suits, skirts, shorts, slacks and jackets, this fabric is 35 inches wide and sells for 59¢ a yard. Fashion Prints in colorful cotton by "Fruit of the Loom" are KRESS exclusives. They're guaranteed washable, 44¢ per yard. Although we stress the reds, all these prints come in a full range of colors.

If you like **BROWN** . . . More plaids from H. L. GREEN'S. The bold plaids, top, right, in brown to beige tones, come in rayon and acetate blend. 49¢ a yard and 44-45 inches wide. And more corduroy at an attractive price in shades of brown and in beige. 79¢ for pin-wale 36 inches wide. A muted stripe in high count printed cotton. It's 36 inches wide, guaranteed washable and sells for 39¢ per yard. The tattersall-type print in the same fabric. Both come in many other color combinations.

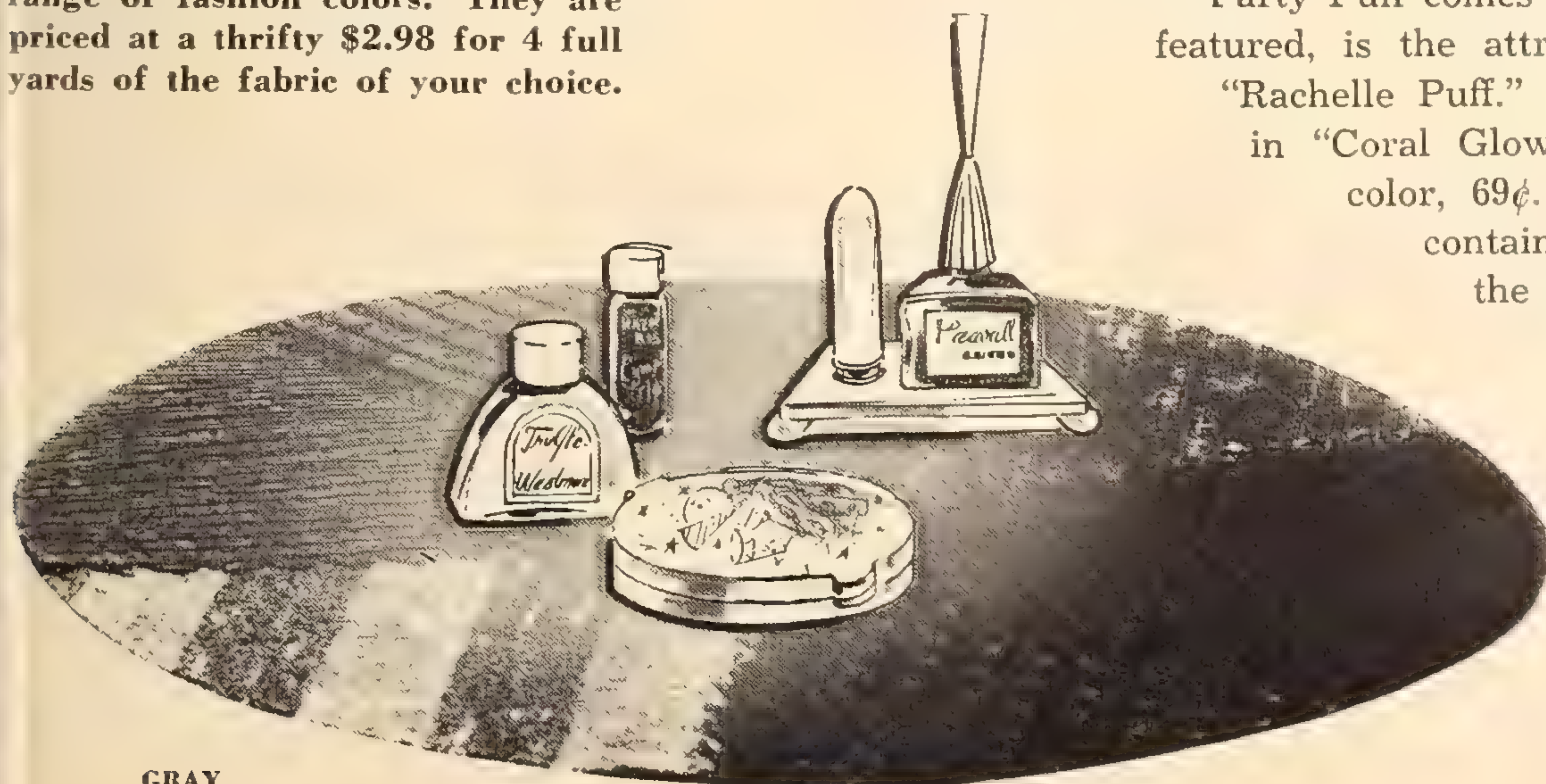
If you choose **GRAY** or **BLACK** . . . you'll find one of McCrory Stores dress-length fabrics to your liking. Shown below, gray and white striped rayon with a crisp finish. And in a slightly wider rib, brown and black combined. A rayon dress-length of embroidered rayon taffeta creating a matelasse effect. And surface interest appears again in cross-dyed rayon with slubbed surface. These fabrics all come in a full range of fashion colors. They are priced at a thrifty \$2.98 for 4 full yards of the fabric of your choice.



BROWN

Lovely Lisa Kirk, musical comedy star, models a dress made from Butterick Pattern #6993 for sizes 12 to 18. The fabric is "Beau Bait," GRANT'S antique taffeta priced at 89¢ a yard. The continuation of the color story in cosmetics . . . To blend with the RED fabrics shown at left, Cutex "Flaming" pearl nail polish, and Cutex true red, "Taffy Apple" lipstick. This stay-fast indelible lipstick, 59¢. The matching polish, 39¢. For your powder, Lady Esther's "Natural," a smooth blend which does not need a powder base and remains fresh for many hours. Heather rouge in "True Red" does not clash with your red fabrics, this for 15¢. To deepen or brighten your natural hair color, Nestle's Colorinse, and for this purpose, No. 22 "Black." The directions are easy to follow and each package contains 2 rinses, 10¢. Our display of BROWN fabrics, top right, is complimented by the following cosmetic selections: "Golden Angel," a new shade of Pond's Angel Face, is a luscious sunny brunette tone. A velvety powder and foundation in-one smooths on with its own puff, 59¢. Cutex lustrous "White" pearl polish, 39¢; Cutex Stay Fast lipstick in "Deep Red," 59¢. This lipstick is a non-drying, creamy lipstick made with a pure lanolin base. The shades are true and bright on the lips. Maybelline solid mascara, 35¢ and Maybelline soft eyebrow pencil, 15¢. The mascara color, "Sable Brown;" the pencil, "Dark Brown." For the most becoming effect, follow the natural line of the brows. . . . To blend with the GRAY fabrics, shown below, True-Glo liquid make-up, 59¢. The color, "Continental," to harmonize with the various shades of gray, from the silvery tones to near black. Party Puff cake powder, \$1.00.

Party Puff comes in the 33¢ and 59¢ sizes. The one featured, is the attractive mirrored case. The color, "Rachelle Puff." Hazel Bishop's Complexion Glow in "Coral Glow," to give natural-looking cheek color, 69¢. And Cutex's special vanity set, containing "Cute Tomata" lipstick and the "Cute Tomata" nail polish, \$1.00.



GRAY

FREE—WESTMORE'S Guide to Perfect Make-up Glamour. Send in the color of your eyes, hair and skin. Their experts will chart the shades to flatter you. Write, Marcia Moore, SCREENLAND, 10 E. 40 St., N.Y.C. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope.



**Pretty
young lips require
careful make-up**

By YSEULTE SIMONE



Look like an angel

HERE'S a girl with looks that suit her name—Pier of the Angels! Pier Angeli, currently to be seen in MGM's "The Flame And The Flesh," is a petite, light brunette, with touches of gold in her hair. She has green eyes in which a mischievous twinkle lurks, a skin like the petal of a creamy tea rose, and a mouth . . . quite the perfect bud! Pier does not look a day over seventeen—is actually in her early twenties. Her flawless skin calls for little, if any, make-up, and Pier sensibly applies her cosmetics with a very light hand. Protective creams and lotions, yes, to preserve the supple quality, but in actual make-up she uses only powder applied ever so lightly with swansdown puff, and a bright lipstick.

About lipstick Pier has some very definite ideas. She maintains that she would rather see someone without lipstick than see it ill-used! Particularly she dislikes thickly plastered lipstick, and false bows drawn in where none exist. She is most careful to see that the bright shades of lipstick, which are her preference, do not clash with her costumes or accessories. Lipstick being her sole real artifice, Pier has a large assortment of shades, but finds that clear, bright reds best suit her brunette type. She never applies lipstick in public but retires to the powder room for this. When she does she usually removes all remaining lipstick and applies a neat, fresh coat of color.

Let's watch Pier in the process of a morning make-up. . . . After a thorough cleansing, she applies powder over her face and over her lips, so that the entire face is covered with the lightest veil. (*She matches the powder as closely as possible to her skin tones*). Next, she removes the surplus with a wad of cotton, stroking gently downward. She brushes all traces of powder from eyelashes and eyebrows with a damp mascara brush, shaping her brows in so doing to best frame her beautiful eyes.

Some people like to apply lipstick over powdered lips, claiming that the color stays on longer. Pier, however, finds this a little drying, so to keep her lips smooth and unlined she applies a little cold cream to them under the lipstick. She dips her little finger into the cream jar and applies just a light touch to her lips, tracing their outline very carefully so as not to disturb the powder beyond their confines. She then blots her mouth with tissue so that no stickiness remains, but her lips stay smooth and slightly moist.

To apply the lipstick itself, Pier finds a lipstick brush indispensable. Flicking it open she sweeps the bristles back and forth across the lipstick until enough of the color adheres to the brush. She then holds the brush handle between forefinger and thumb and, with elbow propped against the dressing table, and point of little finger on her chin, she is correctly braced for action. First she traces the outline of her mouth, boldly and exactly as nature designed it, starting at the center and working towards the right corner, then back to the center and towards the left. Now the bottom lip. Carefully she draws the full curve of it to join the upper, making sure she cuts off none of it and has both sides even. That done, the lips are filled in, adding more lipstick to the brush until the color is rich and even and a smile shows no neglected spots or smudges.

Taking a fresh tissue, Pier places it over her mouth and presses gently against her lips, thus blotting off any excess lipstick and preventing that greasy, over-painted look. She then applies a little more color to the full curves of the mouth and again blots gently with tissue.

There you have the finished picture. Lips artificially tintured, no doubt, but not coated nor clogged in all their delicate pores—nature enhanced, not crudely changed.





Funnyman Danny Kaye, who has a new album of "Knock On Wood," visits Martin Block on his ABC radio show.

Martin Block's RECORD ROUNDUP

Tops in Movie Music

The ballad, "No One But You," is one of the highlights of the Lana Turner movie, "The Flame And The Flesh," and it's even more of an event in the **Charlie Applewhite** waxing for Decca. Charlie has had a rapid rise to the top in the past six months, and his clear, open-voiced styling is shown off to best advantage in this appealing bit of nostalgia. . . . **Fran Warren's** a performer whose individuality has been largely lost in the shuffle, particularly since her one movie attempt was in a third-rate script. Perhaps she'll gain some of the recognition due her with her MGM recording of some of the Harold Arlen-Ira Gershwin tunes from Judy Garland's movie, "A Star Is Born." Fran's worth the listening, and her records are worth buying to keep. . . . With 1954 marking the thirtieth anniversary of MGM Pictures, it's only natural that MGM Records should honor the event with a special album. The album spotlights the same songs honored on Ed Sullivan's "Toast Of The Town" salute to MGM—"Singin' In The Rain," "Lili," "Easter Parade" and "Show Boat" among them—and the stars include **Gene Kelly, Fred Astaire, Leslie Caron, Judy Garland, William Warfield, and Betty Hutton.** Even if you already have some of these as individual records you'll want the album. Don't pass it by . . . Al-

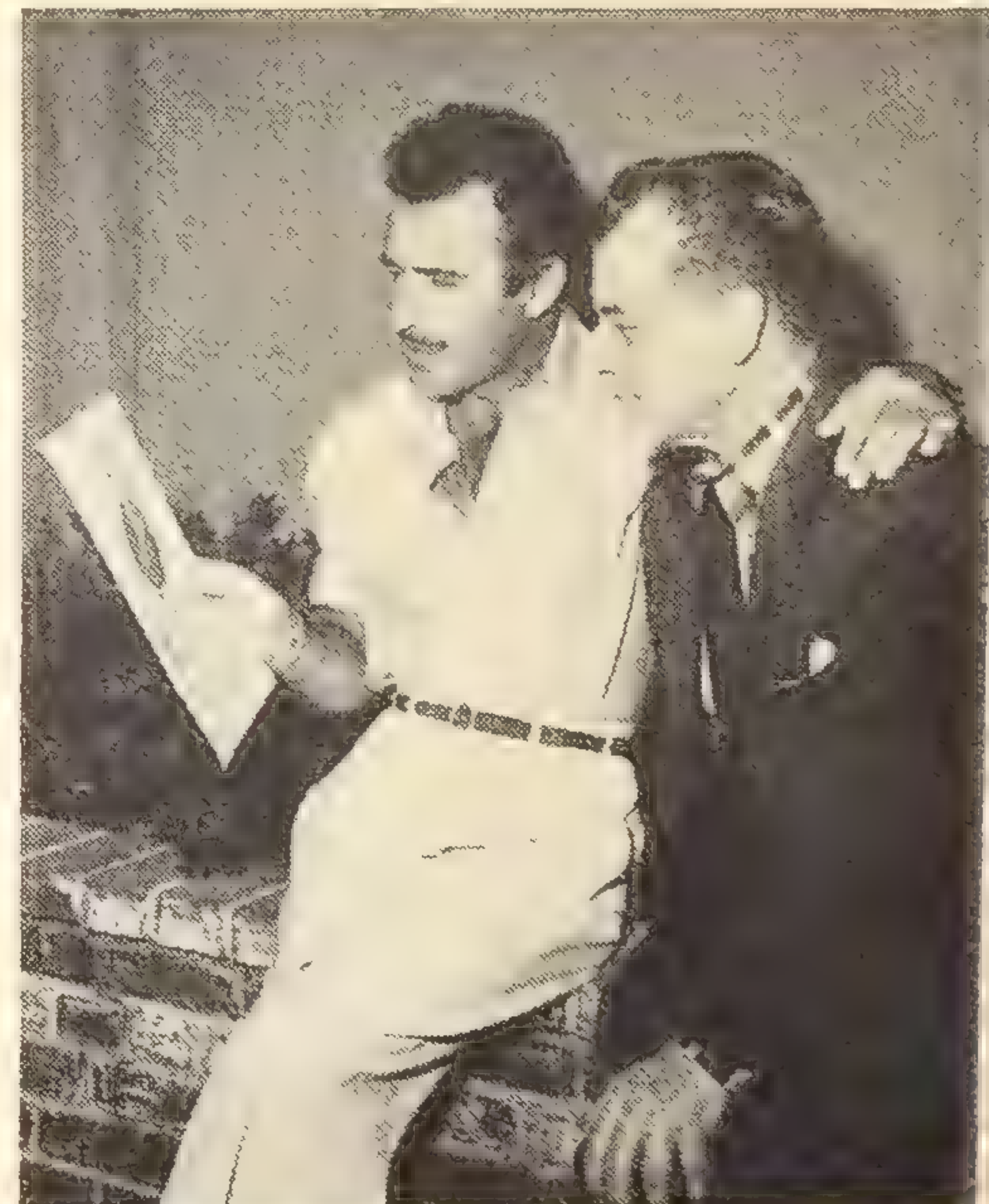
though there have been previous recordings of "Three Coins In The Fountain," the **Frank Sinatra** waxing is one to be remembered, not only because Frankie sings the song for the movie, but also because his Capitol recording is a strongly appealing one.

Other Toppers

Speaking of Frankie, now that he's hot again both Victor and Columbia are rushing out long-playing reprints of things Sinatra did in the dim, dim past when he was the bobbysox favorite. The Victor album, "Fabulous Sinatra," includes numbers Frankie did as long ago as fourteen years, featuring "Night And Day," "The Lamplighter's Serenade," "I'll Be Seeing You" and "Fools Rush In." If you want a collection that's anywhere near complete, Sinatra albums are a must. . . . **Eddie Fisher's** Victor rendering of "My Friend" has a potent appeal, soft and effective. And its backing, "Green Years," has a truly lovely melody. Snags of one sort or another may be holding up Eddie's debut in a movie, but in the meantime he continues to be the very top as a recording artist. . . . **Georgia Gibb's** "Wait For Me Darling" on the Mercury label can't help returning her to the hit lists. It's captivating and fervent, with a real beat. And the second listening is even better than the first.

Grab Bag

Sometimes just listening to **Jane Russell** is enough—it all depends on you! At any rate Mercury has recorded a "French Line" album, with Jane and **Gilbert Roland** doing the vocal honors. The songs themselves are no more than fair, but the two stars put them over very winningly. . . . **Karen Chandler** has another noisemaker in Coral's "Out Of The Middle Of The Night," and its definite rhythm shows her to good advantage. . . . **Jo Stafford's** styling is unique, and her Columbia album, "Garden Of Prayer," shows her off to best advantage. Tastefully and simply done are "Star Of Hope," "It's No Secret," "Beautiful Island Of Somewhere," "Beautiful Garden Of Prayer."



Ramon Novarro, returned from Italy, see old pal Gil Roland, hears his recording

"The Martin Block Show" on ABC Radio 2:35-4:00 p.m., EDT, Monday to Friday. "Martin Block's Make-Believe Ballroom" is on WABC in New York, 2:35-6:45 p.m., Monday through Friday and on Saturdays from 10:00-12:00 noon and 6:00-7:30 p.m.

SUMMERTIME MOTHER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

"In a funny sort of way, my family divorcing has helped me tremendously to understand that the fireside isn't the only safe place. You might grow up faster, but you also gain a self-reliance and independence. And in understanding that your mother and father are people, as well as parents—you can become more of a person in your own right. I feel that having a stepfather of my own had made me a better stepmother to Maggie.

"I'll admit, we *do* have a different relationship with Maggie. She is much more mature than most children her age. Never having had the sense of a well-knit home, she has been able to make a different kind of adjustment; one that suits her own life.

"On the other hand, Maggie has taught me that a little girl is a wonderful thing. She passes her opinions on what I wear, and loves to go through my closets. She was even upset about the fact that I have so much 'just costume' jewelry. 'When I grow up,' she told me, 'everything's going to be 14-karat gold, or at least sterling silver.'

"Paul is convinced that Maggie will do all right for herself, having had a practical streak from an early age. He still delights in telling the story about the time he took her to lunch at 21, in New York. Maggie was about three, and he gave her the tip to hand over to the head waiter—which he accepted graciously and put in his pocket, without inspection. The waiter was nearly half way across the room when Maggie shouted after him, 'That's money, you know!'

"It has always been a natural thing for us to put Maggie in the middle, whatever we're doing. If we're watching television, she snuggles between us on the couch. If we're driving in the car, or sitting in a restaurant, Maggie's always in the middle. That's her natural place. That's not because of any deliberate plan to make sure she doesn't feel 'lonely' or left out. It just seems to be doin' what comes natchlerly—since we both wanted her, and have her with us through choice, not necessity.

"Maggie and I have gotten to know each other very well, I think. When it's just the two of us—Paul's away on location at times—she sleeps in the bed with me. And there aren't any children near us, so we have to find things to amuse the two of us. At those times, we're two women together. We go shopping, or to the movies, and have lunch or tea. Sometimes, at home, we'll crayon together, too—which I like to do. Maybe my growth has been stunted!

"As much as possible, though, it's as though I were having a girl friend over. She understands when I leave her to have my bath alone. I admit I am quite messy about my dressing room. Maggie loves to straighten it up. But afterward, she tells Paul proudly, 'I am teaching Janie to be neat!'

"That's part of the relationship; not only allowing, but encouraging her, to correct me. And you know, she's always

right! For one thing, I eat too fast. One evening at dinner, she suddenly said, 'Now, Janie, put down your fork and swallow. You'll make yourself sick!'

"My attitude toward Maggie has been, 'let me be your friend.' And, like a friend, I stick by her! She knows I will never scold her. Not that I allow her to do anything dangerous; but one of the pleasures of our relationship is that I don't have the right to the real responsibilities of a parent. Any real correction, I leave to Paul or to her mother. I don't mean this is careless or neglectful; it's just easier! And it does make for a pleasant camaraderie.

"Naturally, I solve some problems that come up. But any big issue, I'll tell her to go and ask Paul about it. And I have never used that prerogative of a mother, 'I am going to tell your father!' No, I am with Maggie—because that's where I feel I ought to be.

"I have a very definite place in Maggie's life, but I am not taking the place of her own mother. She knows I'll always be there, but we have tried from the beginning to keep the relationship straight.

"Goodness knows, it's easy enough to get confused, if you don't. Trying to make a point, she has turned around and called me 'Mommie.' Then it would embarrass her to take it back, because it would seem she didn't love me. Having her own moth-

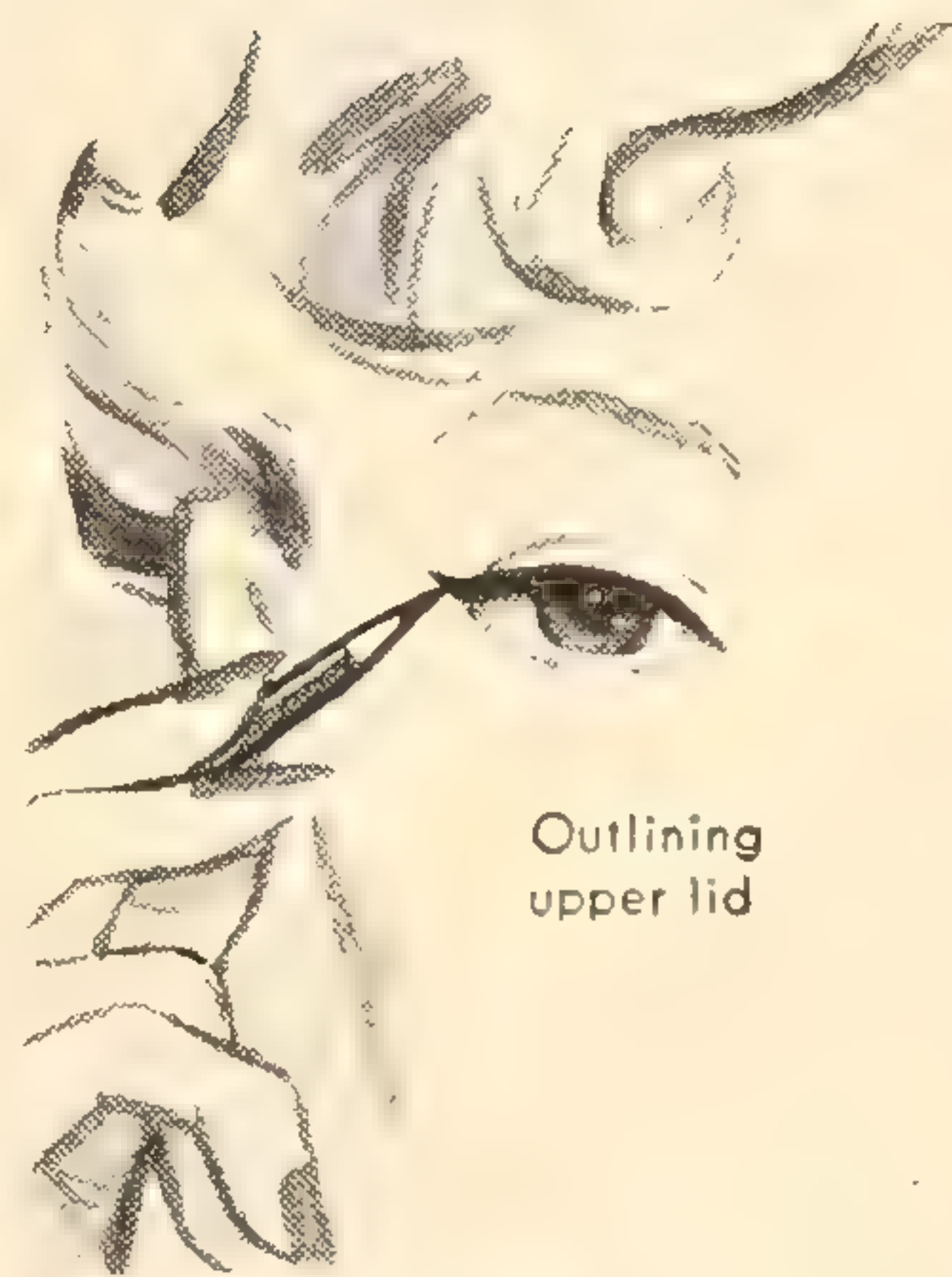
er, she could hardly say, when introducing me to her friends, 'This is my mother.' But I have always felt that basically, children shrink from the term 'step-mother' or 'stepfather.' So we agreed that she would just say, 'This is Janie,' and let them take it from there.

"I think in a way, we're closer than mother and daughter. Since the burden of responsibility of disciplining Maggie is not mine, we are both freer to be friends. I always realize that somebody else has a first place with Maggie. She in turn, does not feel guilty about not feeling that I am her mother. Never having had a child, I feel that I can have all the joys of Maggie without any of the pain."

The trim, taffy blonde known as Jan Sterling makes you wish that she will have a brood of her own, someday. You have a feeling *that* will be fine with Maggie, too! Just as Jan's fine performance in "The High And The Mighty" must please her, too.

As a proxy mother, Jan shows plenty of natural maternal instinct, too. Already, she's looking forward to the future with Maggie. "She has," Jan enthused, "beautiful grey eyes, dark blonde hair, and wonderfully long legs. You might say she's a combination of her mother's beauty and her father's personality. She's going to be a beautiful girl, and I am sure she's going to be an actress. Surrounded by parents on all sides in the profession—how can she escape it? I can hardly wait!"

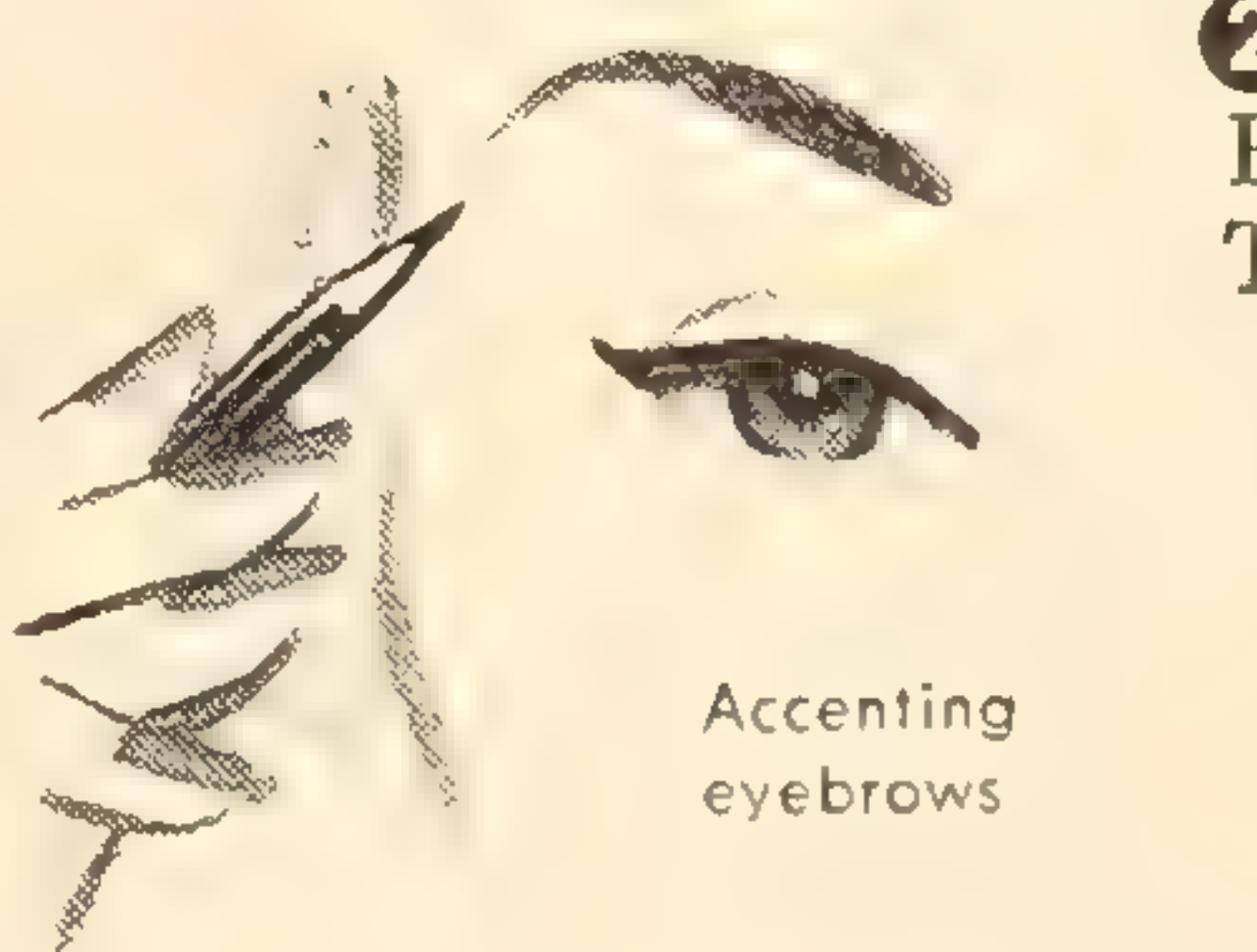
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Outlining upper lid

3 quick tricks to eye beauty

1 With Maybelline soft Eyebrow Pencil, draw narrow line across upper eyelids, at base of lashes, adding short up-stroke at outer corner. Soften line with fingertip.

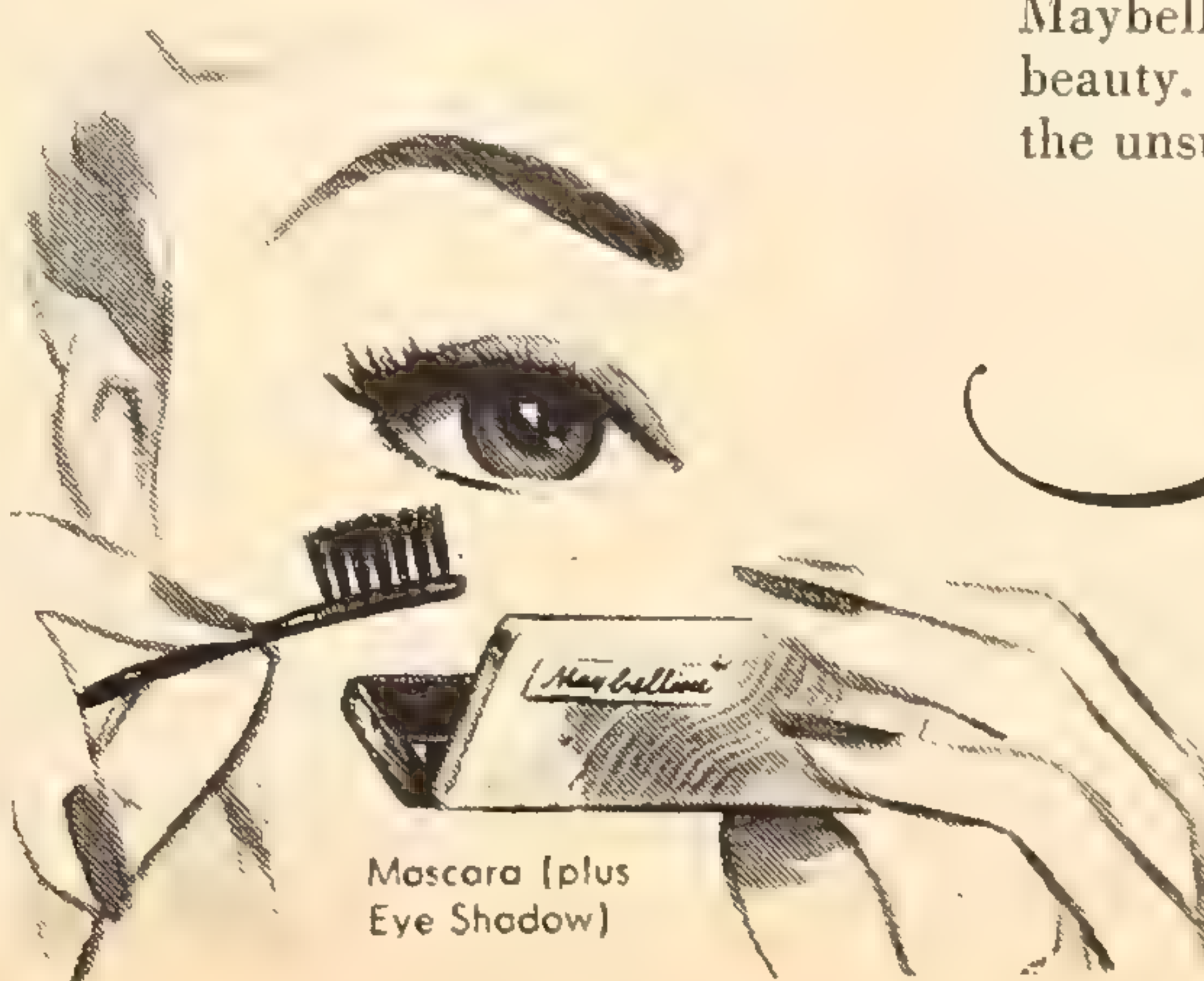


Accenting eyebrows

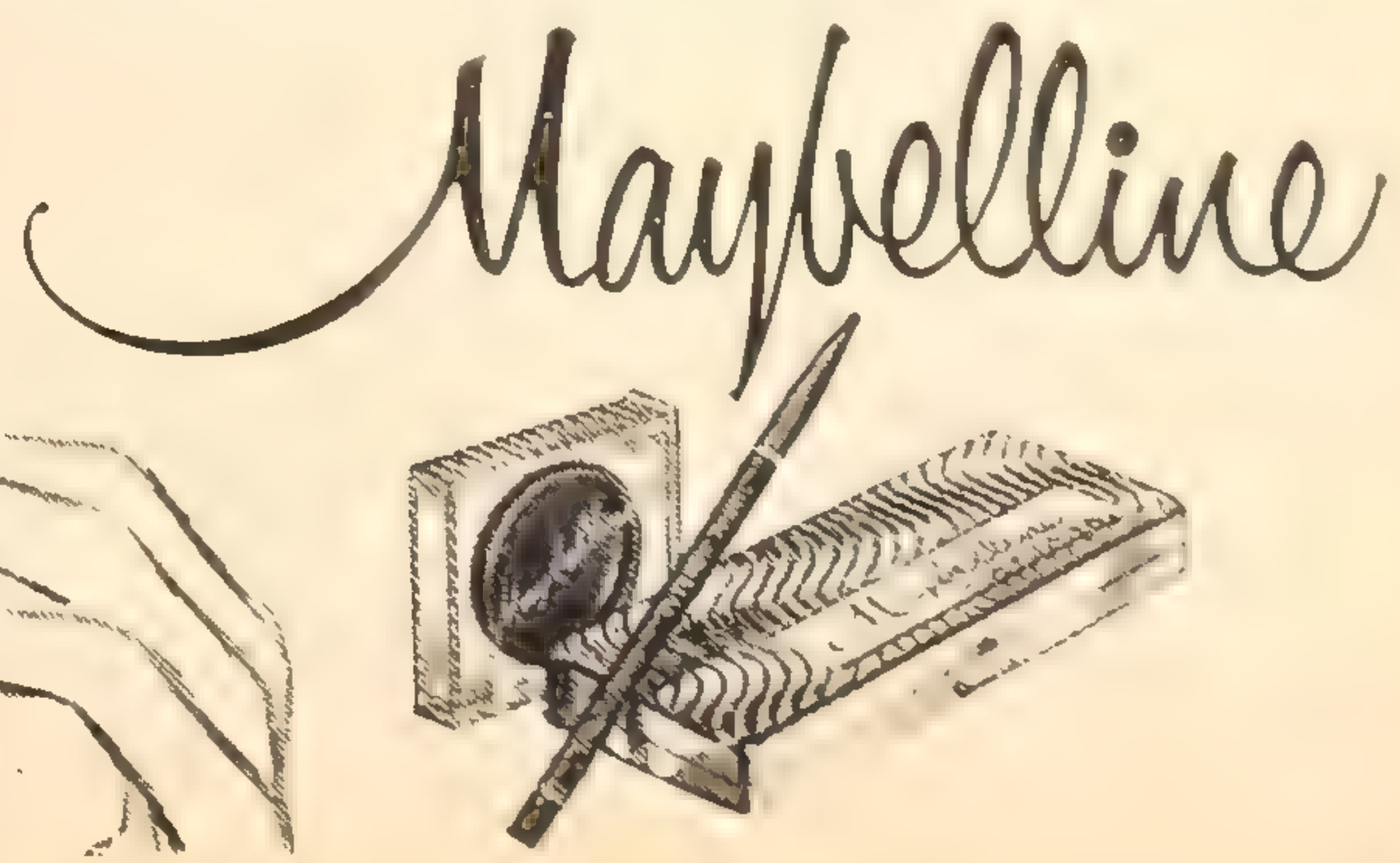
2 Next, use short, light upward strokes of the Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, to form beautiful, expressive brows. Taper lightly at outer end. Soften effect with fingertip.

3 Apply smooth Maybelline Mascara from base to tips of lashes, brushing upward. (Hold a few seconds to set "up-swoop.") For an extra touch of mysterious eye beauty, blend a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow on upper lid.

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Mascara (plus Eye Shadow)





After their wedding in Wyoming, Ursula and Bob flew back to Hollywood and left next day for location scenes of Bob's film

WYOMING WEDDING

WHEN BOB TAYLOR AND URSULA THIESS FLEW TO WYOMING TO WED, EVERYONE WAS SURPRISED—EVERYONE BUT THE BRIDE AND GROOM!

by Louis Reid

Robert Taylor's recent marriage to beautiful Ursula Thiess aboard a cabin cruiser on a lonely Wyoming mountain lake was in Hollywood's best romantic tradition.

Even Hollywood's most blase observers agree that the film star was merely being true to his role—on and off the screen—of adventurous lover.

If anyone had told Taylor three years ago that one day the sloe-eyed, raven-haired, German-born film

charmer would be the next great love of his life, he would have had cause for believing the remark fantastic. He was then in the midst of the breakup of his eleven-year-old marriage to Barbara Stanwyck—Hollywood's oft-acclaimed "perfect marriage."

His name at that time was coupled with a young Italian actress whom he had met while making "Quo Vadis" in Rome. The "perfect marriage" went on the rocks when Barbara, suing for

divorce, said that Bob had asked for his freedom when he returned from his sojourn in the Eternal City. She won her divorce on testimony that "he wanted to do as he pleased."

Taylor's Roman romance was short-lived, however. In Rome, shapely, red-haired Lia di Leo, Italian actress, who had called herself Robert Taylor's "big love," was now convinced it is better to be good friends with the film star than to be hampered by marriage ties.

Soon, Ursula Thiess in Hollywood was declaring that she planned to marry a "top-ranking film hero." His identity was not revealed, but it was not a secret long in the movie colony.

She admitted she was "in love with a handsome actor," and she added piquantly she expected no trouble in her marriage because of "my Continental tolerance."

"If I'm in love with a man, he doesn't have to be in love with me," she said candidly. "I can enjoy that feeling all by myself. My Continental tolerance will keep my marriage from getting on the Hollywood divorce merry-go-round."

Suddenly . . . on May 24 with the secrecy of an elopement, Robert Taylor and Ursula Thiess, accompanied by his secretary, Mrs. Ivy Pearson, and his pilot, Ralph S. Couser, climbed into his private plane and flew to Jackson, Wyoming, a picturesque town nestled in the Teton Mountains. There they obtained a marriage license.

"Uschi," as Ursula is called, gave her age as thirty—the same age as Barbara Stanwyck when she eloped with Taylor to San Diego in 1939.

Next day aboard the cabin cruiser of Jess and John Wort, hotel operator brothers, they put out for the middle of Jackson Lake, at the foot of the 13,000-foot Teton range. Bob had often fished at the lake during trips to his Wyoming oil properties and had stayed with the Worts.

It was just the right romantic spot, he had decided, for his marriage to Ursula.

A justice of the peace performed the mid-lake ceremony, and the only witnesses were Taylor's secretary and his airplane pilot. That night the couple was honored at a wedding party attended by a few residents of the resort community. Back to Hollywood flew the newlyweds the following day, for he had commitments before the camera.

Ursula is reported planning to give up her film career—temporarily, anyway. This decision, it is said, may be based upon the fact that Barbara Stanwyck's insistence on acting was popularly believed to have caused the Stanwyck-Taylor marriage to founder.

Ursula is determined that the marriage shall not founder. However, she and Taylor hope to co-star soon in a picture, if only because she reportedly wants to retain her financial independence.

"It is always a terrible thing to ask favors," she says. "I want only to give

them. Also, I want to be devoted to a man."

Having the European approach to marriage, she knows that men sometimes admire the charms of women other than their wives, and she accepts that viewpoint gracefully.

"Still, I would be unhappy," she asserts, "if my husband sought another woman. It would make me feel I had failed as a wife."

Ursula Thiess was acclaimed by Britishers not so long ago as "the most beautiful girl in the world." But certain, herself, that beauty is only skin deep, she thinks a man should take his time when it comes to romance. Perhaps, she's more sure of Robert Taylor's love because their romance flourished for two years before they exchanged their vows.

"A man should find out a little about a girl before signing a contract for life," she asserts. "Often in America, a so-called dream girl turns out to be a nightmare."

Ursula has been a bride twice. Her first husband was George Thiess, a German documentary film director, whom she married during the war. They were divorced seven years ago, and she was given custody of their two children, Manuela and Michael. The latter are with her mother in Hamburg, where the actress used to live. Pictures and modeling engagements have enabled her to support and care for them.

Meeting Ursula is regarded by Hollywood as the culmination of Taylor's dreams. He was bowled over by her delicate beauty, her fine dark eyes and cameo-like features, her intelligence and warmth of personality.

To Ursula in turn, Robert is the handsomest of men. Neither has any other romantic interests. As she is, definitely, a "one-man" woman, so he is a "one-woman" man. Hollywood remembers the long inseparableness of Bob and Barbara and how "reluctantly and unhappily" they reached their decision to end their marriage. They ascribed this decision to the long separations of film engagements which led to a "wavering of love and affection."

Robert Taylor, the film town is sure, does not want to repeat the anguish of that experience.

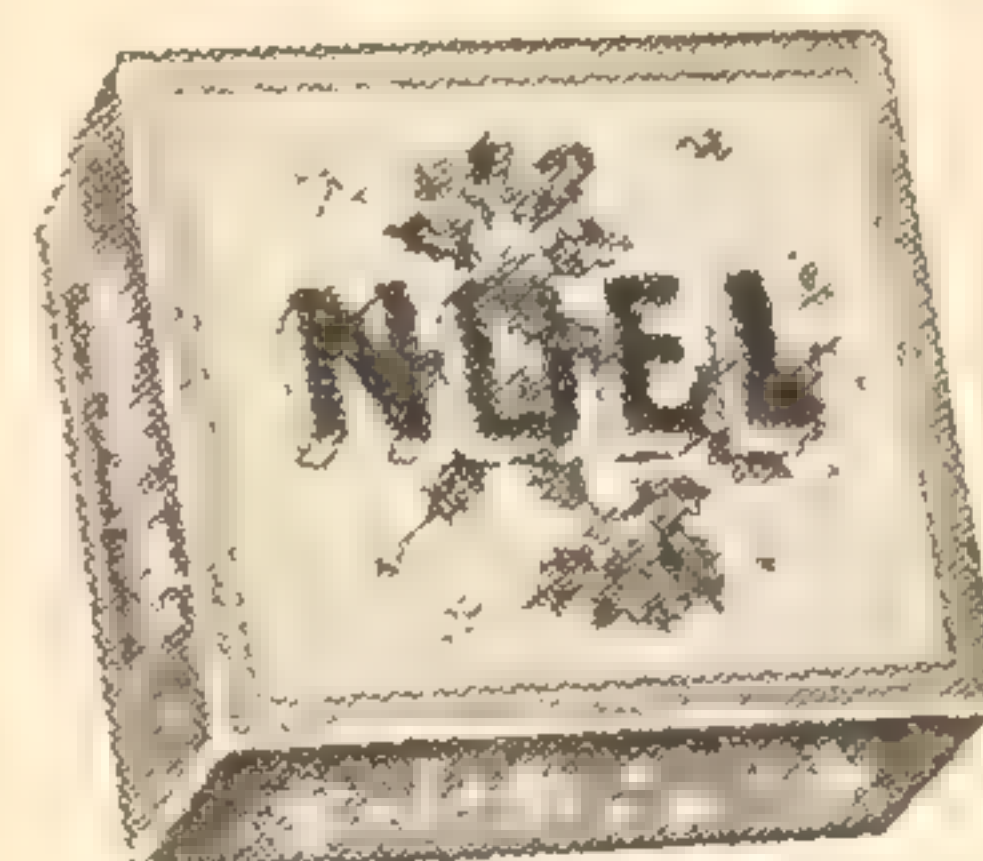
This time, the town is saying, it's a marriage "for keeps." This time, a Hollywood romance has been tested by two years of personality adjustments and understanding. **END**

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THE LOVES OF LIBERACE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

inescapable fact remains that untold thousands of American women throw themselves with frightening frenzy at his smartly shod feet.

As for his personal love life, Liberace is very gracious about revealing the secrets in the mystic realm of his amours. There have been women in his past. There is at least one woman—a mystery woman—in his present. And if his restless state of mind offers any augury, there most certainly will be a woman in his future.

At present, however, the worldly possessions which have fallen to Liberace as a result of his astounding professional success are frankly a source of joy to him. He plainly and jealously treasures his opulent San Fernando Valley mansion, a veritable shrine with the candelabra-laden world's largest grand piano, and the piano-shaped swimming pool, his flashy new white Buick Skylark sports roadster, and the exhilarating satisfactions provided by his still mushrooming career.

This picture, as Liberace himself owns up without coyness, makes him one of the hottest catches extant. But the catch is that he doesn't want to be caught. He wants to surrender. Although he personally is anything but aggressive, he is appalled by the thought of feminine aggression.

"I have too much to lose if I make a mistake in marriage now," Liberace says without guile. "I worked so hard to acquire the luxuries I have that I don't want to lose them. It's so easy to get hooked that I'm extremely wary. You read every day of guys taken to the cleaners, who wind up with a trunkful of clothes, or only the suit on their back. I don't want to end up that way."

Liberace speaks softly, without rancor, with just as much smile and charm quotient as he generates on his filmed TV shows. But there is nothing put on. Liberace is a natural phenomenon.

"Love should be a little more honest," Lee says plaintively. "I want to marry for keeps. I have to be sure. If my marriage didn't work out, I probably wouldn't marry again. To me the most treasured quality in a girl is sincerity. Well, it's hard to tell at a brief meeting if a girl is sincere. You have to evaluate if she likes you for what you are or for what you do and what you've got."

A trail of broken engagements—three so far—if not broken hearts bespeaks his caution where matrimony becomes imminent. The fact that his older brother, George, now on his third marriage, was twice bitten has given the cautious Liberace reason to be thrice shy.

It should come as no surprise that a man who approaches binding feminine entanglements with such trepidation is not an exponent of love at first sight. Romanticist though he insists he is at heart, Liberace confesses:

"I don't think I've ever experienced love at first sight. There's so much more to people than outward appearances.

"I form my affection," he explains, "through understanding and getting to know a woman. I'd like a girl that's hard to get."

While it follows that Liberace himself is rather hard to get, this is by no means to suggest that the mild-mannered darling of the lonely heart set is necessarily inaccessible. No less an authority than his brother George says, "Sure, Lee is romantic. He likes to get in a dark corner and dance. He likes good conversation. He likes soft lights and sweet music. Let's put it that way."

If Liberace, as he and his brother hasten to admit, is completely vulnerable to feminine charms, why and how then has he managed to remain aloof? The answer is that he *hasn't* remained aloof. He maintains that if he had acted as impulsively as many other celebrities his three blighted betrothals would be on the record as divorces.

Liberace's first love was a shapely red-headed ballerina named LeVerne Mundt, whom he met and charmed at West Milwaukee High School. Liberace courted LaVerne two years.

Career, then as later, was to break up this happy twosome. When opportunity beckoned and he took to the road, the romance foundered. Liberace and LaVerne said farewell to each other in a sad but friendly parting.

"I think that at that time I was in love," Liberace recalled wistfully. "In each instance, I think that I was in love, but it's probably well that I found out beforehand that it couldn't work out."

When Liberace invaded Hollywood in 1946, he was a stranger and friendless in town, so he looked up a girl singer whom

he had met in Milwaukee. The curly haired pianist and the brunette warbler became inseparable. After eight months of courtship, they decided the time had come for wedding bells.

They would have become man and wife, too, if not for the Hollywood Bowl. Liberace was invited to play a benefit concert in the great movie colony amphitheatre, and he leaped at the chance to be displayed in such an impressive showcase. The only trouble was that Liberace's Bowl appearance fell on the same night he had had a previous date with his fiancée. She took a dim view of playing second fiddle to a piano. She gave Liberace the choice between calling off the concert or calling off the marriage, and without so much as a pizzicato, he called off the nuptials.

"She was a wonderful girl," he reminisces, "but she felt that our date should mean more to me than the opportunity to play in the Hollywood Bowl. To me this indicated she really was not in love with me."

There was no tragic aftermath. Liberace recovered well enough to become engaged to a third girl, and his fiancée number two now is Mrs. Marion DiMaggio, the happy bride of Dominick DiMaggio, brother of Joe.

Liberace entered into his third courtship with high hopes and no bitterness about the failures of his earlier romances. He fell head over cutaway in love with a beautiful Hollywood society girl whose name he sentimentally declines to disclose. He laid siege to this fair maiden longer and more intensively than any other woman he had known. What promised to be an idyllic union soured only when her father committed the blunder of dying and leaving her a fortune.

"This tended to make her very independent," Liberace says sadly. "She



"I have too much to lose if I make a mistake in marriage now," Liberace says. The piano-shaped cake was a gift from his Chicago fans when he performed there.

sort of tried to make up my mind for me in too many things. I could never allow a girl to lead me around by the nose, so we called off our engagement."

The girl who presently has the inside track with Liberace is a St. Louis socialite, a brunette who is sufficiently well-heeled, so that if she were to marry the Candelabra Casanova it wouldn't be for his money.

"I don't want to use her name," Liberace demurs boyishly. "They'd think I was after her."

Liberace and his blueblood girl friend have much in common, including love of cooking, eating and travel, but thus far they have not traveled the same places sufficiently to become a serious marriage threat, although Liberace declines to rule out this possibility.

Her penchant for cooking and eating, and her ample figure are regarded by the exacting Liberace as vital feminine assets.

"I don't like 'em skinny," Liberace puts it right on the line. "I like them well rounded. I think a girl loses a certain amount of natural beauty when she allows herself to get too thin and gaunt looking. Besides, when she's not skinny it doesn't make me look too fat. I like a girl that likes to eat." He is very definite about this. "Usually a skinny girl is not a good cook. There's an old saying—beware the lean and hungry chef."

Meanwhile, Liberace continues as prime marriage game. The kind of a girl it will take ultimately to hook him? For one thing, being something like Marilyn Monroe wouldn't hurt.

"He thinks Marilyn Monroe is quite a dish," brother George reveals. "Anyone who didn't would be nuts. He always says Joe DiMaggio is a lucky man."

Fill out more of the composite picture of Liberace's dream girl, and you've got to sketch in at least a touch of Lana Turner and Linda Darnell.

For years Lana has been an admitted prisoner of Liberace's charms. No matter where she is or whom she's with, she gravitates to Liberace's nocturnal habitat, and sends him the request to which she invariably listens spellbound, "All The Things You Are."

"Linda Darnell also always gives Lee her complete attention," George points out. "His music makes them very sentimental."

Mix up Marilyn Monroe, Lana Turner and Linda Darnell. Add generous doses of sincerity and self-effacement, poise and devotion, affinity for Liberace's family and career. Supply adequate anatomical contours. Don't make her too fat or too thin. Give her a love of food and a talent for cooking it, a love of music and a fondness for what Liberace does to it. Add good grooming and sparkling conversation, and you might come up with something in the neighborhood of the recipe for Liberace's marital *piece de resistance*.

The odds are that when Liberace does marry, she will be something less than the sum of all these things, something less than perfection, but perhaps perfect for him.

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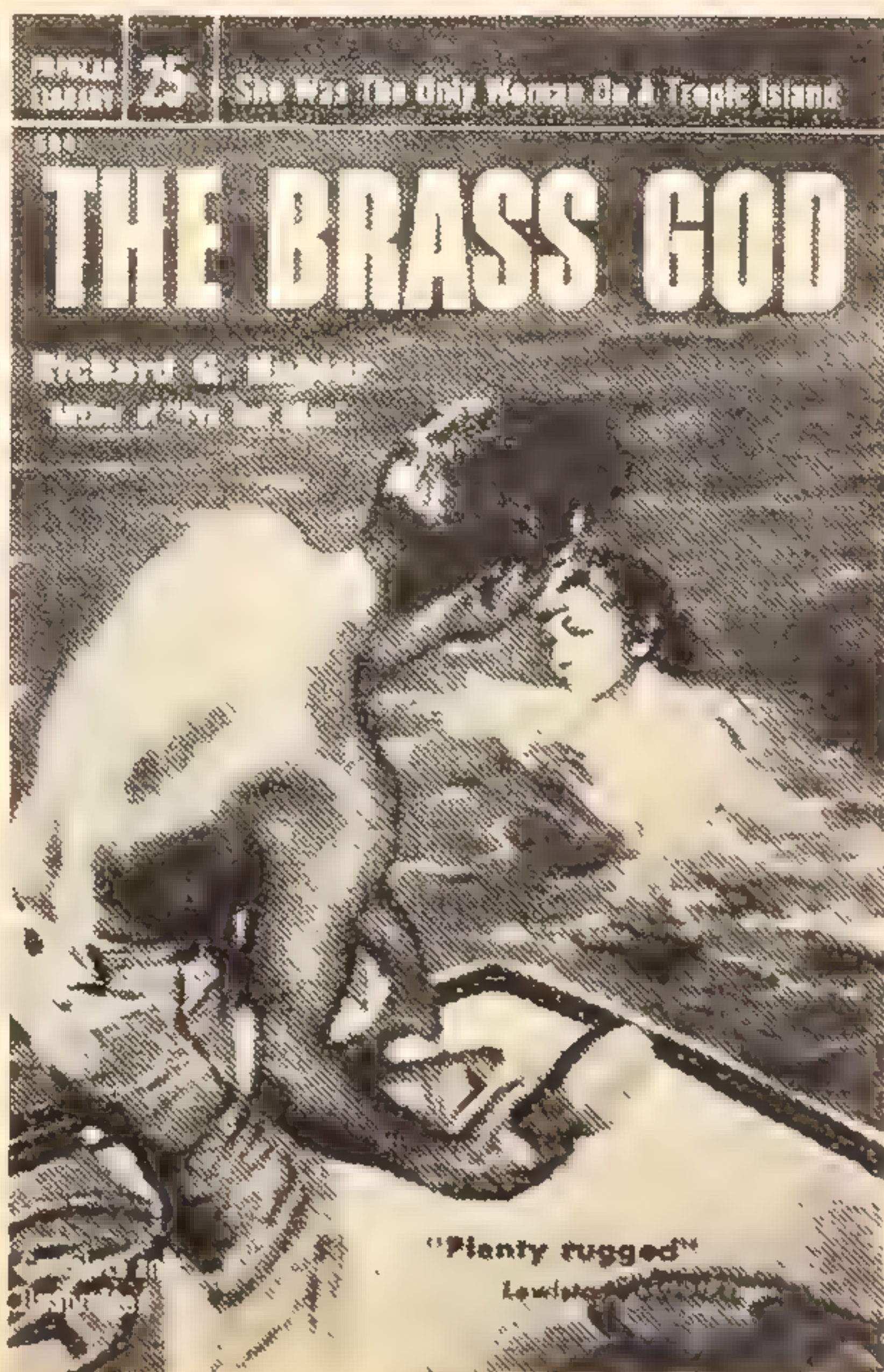
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HOLLYWOOD'S BACHELOR HUSBANDS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

and Marjorie. But the safety valve just didn't work.

And yet, even a roving husband can sometimes be made to stop roving if his wife is a smart little doll, like Lucille Ball.

When Lucille and Desi Arnaz were first married, there were many stormy scenes. After almost every argument Desi would pack his clothes and move into a hotel room.

Now he doesn't do that. What happened was that Lucille was able to convert him from a bachelor-husband with too many privileges into a more domesticated animal. Strangely enough, Lucille didn't try to change Desi. She found it easier to change herself! And that brought Desi around.

"Men seldom change much," she says. "It's the wife who must change. Since men aren't as pliable as women, women should accept them as they are."

Lucille is one of the few wives who knows how to handle a bachelor husband—how to make him feel that he has the privileges of bachelorhood, yet keep him a devoted husband. Lucille encourages Desi to go fishing by himself or with his men friends. And she runs their home in such a way that all his wishes are catered to—making him realize there's no spot anywhere in the world where he can find more comforts and happiness than at home.

When Lucille saw that their work was going to keep them apart, she put her mind to trying to figure out a way in which they could work together. Result: "I Love Lucy." And Desi honestly does! Do you blame him?

But often a too-tolerant wife will encourage the worst bachelor traits in a husband. Dorothy Mitchum has an overly tolerant attitude toward Bob. Bob's a guy who just must live his own life his own way. Ever since Dorothy stood by him when Bob became involved in the front-page scandal of several years ago, she seems to have adopted an attitude of closing her eyes to Bob's more rambunctious peccadilloes. Her reward has been the fact that she's still Mrs. Mitchum—her children are not brought up in a broken home.

But friends think that if Dorothy laid the law down with a firmer hand, Bob would cut down on his bachelor escapades which bring Dorothy plenty of heartache and humiliation.

"As long as Dorothy continues to forgive Bob every time he acts like a bachelor-on-the-loose, Bob's going to act wild and woolly," a friend of theirs explains.

In an even more sophisticated manner, Gary Cooper's wife blithely laughs off Gary's reported romances with this and that beautiful girl. Rocky doesn't mind Gary's life as a married bachelor, because she has such an interesting social life herself. She tosses many wonderful parties—while Gary may be thousands of miles away—and is a vivacious guest. She has a gay, sophisticated sense of humor. For instance, when she heard that Gary was

running around in France with a Parisian actress, she called Gary on the trans-Atlantic phone and asked, half-laughingly, "Was this trip necessary?"

Coop likes Rocky; he also likes the friendship of other beautiful women. And Rocky has apparently decided to accept him as he is.

However, most wives can't be expected to be quite that tolerant.

Even Shelley Winters, who likes to think of herself as Bohemian by nature, just couldn't take the bachelor attitude of her husband, Vittorio Gassman. In fact, Shelley exploded so violently after two years of adapting herself to the whims of her bachelor husband, that she ended up by tossing a mirror at Vittorio. Of course, she took a slap at his "protegee" and rumored girl friend, Anna Maria Ferrero, as well.

Shelley had really tried to adjust herself to life with a bachelor husband. Soon after they were married, Vittorio took himself off to Europe. While she was pregnant, Vittorio stayed away. True, he was working, but as friends of Shelley's point out, "He could just as easily have worked in Hollywood." Vittorio was certainly the footloose bachelor while he was married to Shelley.

When Gregory Peck first came to Hollywood, he was the most married man imaginable. If a Hollywood siren tried to invite him to a party without inviting his wife, Greta, Greg just didn't show up. He and Greta made a charming couple, always together.

But, oh, how the picture changed! Whether it was all due to Greg's long stay in Europe and his acceptance of the Continental way of looking at marriage, or whether he decided to take a temporary vacation from marriage, we wouldn't be saying. But Greg certainly was living it up in Europe until recently. The international belles threw themselves at the lank star's feet, and Greg openly squired many beauties to European night spots. However, friends in Hollywood say that Greta is still very much in love with Greg. Apparently she isn't discouraged by the fact that Nancy Sinatra, who always kept the door open for Frank while he was on his greatest romantic kicks with other women, eventually lost her bachelor-husband.

Being of a bachelor frame of mind doesn't necessarily mean that the husband is on a mad pursuit of other women, either. No matter what Webster says, being a bachelor represents freedom to concentrate on anything a man feels he wants to do—even on his work.

Jack Webb had such an all-consuming absorption in his work that he practically forgot he was married. He'd leave early in the morning, come home at all hours without phoning Julie to let her know he'd be late, and would be so all-fired intent on his "Dragnet" shows that he scarcely spoke to Julie at home. As one writer said, he was caught in his own Dragnet. There were times when Jack would finish at the studios so late that



Pier Angeli and Rita Gam met in N. Y. at Lenthier's Mexican fashion show.

he'd check in at a hotel instead of making the long trip home to Encino. After all, he knew he'd have to be on the set early the next morning. A good excuse—but Julie became tired of the minor role she played in his life. A man who is 100 per cent married to his work is really a bachelor, even if he is married. And nearly always, women grow weary of being wives of bachelor husbands.

Ironically enough, after the divorce proceedings, the work on "Dragnet" let up sufficiently for Jack to have more time for his private life, and he began dating Dorothy Towne and other lovelies.

A man can be completely wrapped up in a demanding career and still give his wife first place, as Tony Curtis does. Tony has such a highly developed sense of responsibility toward marriage that when he had to go to Hawaii on location and Janet had to remain home because she was expecting a baby, he almost broke their bankroll calling her long distance even though they'd agreed to budget themselves on phone calls. So close, in fact, is Tony's affinity to his wife that when she was about to lose their baby, he sensed something was wrong even though he was thousands of miles away, and put in a phone call to her.

Tony and other loving husbands in Hollywood realize one thing that the bachelor husbands can't get through their heads. No matter how you slice it, wedding cake is like any other kind of cake. You can't eat it and have it, too.

ENI

DEBBIE'S MY GRANDDAUGHTER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

and stand-offish. Maybe some are. I can't tell. The ones Debbie introduced to me were all so nice and friendly I would have loved to have had them as neighbors in El Paso. As for Debbie's own attitude, she doesn't draw a line between her new professional friends, her neighbors, and even old childhood acquaintances. She's as fond and considerate of one as of the other.

When she first got into pictures, I was a little concerned about how all the glitter and fuss and attention would affect her. I knew my Debbie, but at the same time, I couldn't ignore the fact that it wasn't easy for any teen-ager to overcome the many temptations put in her way. And every time I came to visit her, I looked for signs of a change. I never found any.

I hadn't planned on coming to California, when Charles Edmonson, a young fellow who went to school with Debbie in El Paso, called me. "I'm driving to Los Angeles. Want to come along for the ride and see your family?"

I quickly grabbed the opportunity. "Sure."

"I have to leave right away. How soon can you be ready?"

"In thirty minutes." And I was.

On the way, Charles confided that he'd love to see Debbie again, but added with a wry grin, "I bet she won't even remember me any more."

Lucky for him, I'm no betting woman. He would have lost.

Debbie not only remembered, but asked him over to the house, and invited him to the party I have already mentioned. Nor did she treat Charlie as someone she had to be nice to as a matter of protocol, or for my sake. She was so genuinely glad to see him again that he was raving about her all the way back home.

Since Debbie has become a celebrity, much has been written about her interest in wounded soldiers, and her contributions to many charitable causes. Just to make sure that no one attributes this to an attempt to get her name into print, let

me tell you that my granddaughter always had a heart for those who were down and needed help.

I'll never forget the day my daughter and I came back from the market and found a shabbily dressed, unshaven, tired and dirty looking middle-aged man in the kitchen. He was leaning against the sink and munching on a sandwich. Our hearts must have stopped beating a few seconds. "What . . . what in the world are you doing here?" Maxene gasped at last.

He looked at us in some astonishment. "Your son and daughter brought me here. They said I looked hungry and if I wanted a bite. . . ."

Maxene was getting frantic. "Franny . . . where's my daughter?"

"Don't worry, ma'am. She's okay. She went after my buddy."

"Your buddy?"

"Yes. He wasn't with me when she picked me up. But I told her where to find 'm. He's hungry too."

He couldn't help noticing our worried expressions. "Don't you worry. The kids are all right. They are really all right . . . never met any like 'em. . . ."

Another trait about my granddaughter that I, as a grandmother, find touching, is her sentimentality.

Debbie has been described as an out-and-out tomboy, who felt more at home in levis than in dresses, who could outrun, out-jump, and out-climb most of the fellows her own age.

It's true that she could run and jump and climb like most boys her age. Just two years ago, I accompanied her to a vacant lot where she played baseball and football with the neighborhood gang.

But except when playing in the yard or participating in some kind of sport, she always refused to wear jeans. Nothing but skirts and dresses would do, even for school. As a teen-ager, Debbie was one of the few girls in her class who refused to go along with the current fashion of wearing men's shirts outside their jeans and skirts. "It isn't ladylike," she insisted. She always spent her allowance on clothes, and if anyone thinks she bought so many clothes in recent years simply because her career required it, I say they are wrong. As long as Debbie can afford pretty dresses, she'll buy them.

Often I've been asked if I thought Debbie was happy with her present way of life. As far as I can tell, she is. But I believe she would be just as happy if she'd become a gym-teacher, as she had wanted to as a little girl, or if she had gotten married by now, as I hope she will before too long.

That's my only concern about Debbie. She's so independent that she relies too much on herself. I think a career is fine for a woman, but that her most important mission in life is to be a good wife and mother, that everything else comes second. Hear me, granddaughter?

But I'm not complaining. Debbie turned into a wonderful girl, and I am proud to be her grandmother.

END



Danny Kaye shares Grace Kelly's tea while visiting set of "Rear Window."

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HIGH-TENSION TROUBADOUR

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

like you and I guess it's true, but why didn't I have the good luck to look like Mother. *She's so pretty.*"

Chris, the eleven-year-old also has an eye on show business, but he hasn't bothered with the formality of waiting to grow up and complete his education before working out a comedy routine. A student at St. Paul's School, he has developed one of his teachers into an excellent straight woman for his gags. Whenever he hears a routine compatible with his style of clowning, he takes it to school and instructs the Sister, saying, "First I tell you, then you give me the straight line, then I deliver the punch line, but you don't react. You just look deadpan—see?" She sees. Very satisfactory partner. Chris regrets only that she won't be able to go on tour with him.

Bob, Jr. is—at the moment—the Crosby Confidential Investigator. He collects information, correlates it, reaches conclusions. Recent dinner guests at the Crosby home were Mr. and Mrs. Hubbell Robinson. Mr. Robinson is an official of CBS.

Bob, Jr., taking advantage of a lull in conversation, fixed Mr. Robinson with a stony eye and inquired levelly, "Do you OWN CBS?"

"No. I just work there," was the Robinson response, delivered in a tone that implied the satisfactions of the job.

Bob, Jr. pursued, "You make much?"

"Maybe a couple hundred thousand a year," confided the guest, playing it very straight.

Bob, Jr. was unimpressed. Grandly he said, "Hmm! My dad does *that* well."

Stevie, the seven-year-old, is at that charmingly worshipful stage which pays tribute to a hero. His particular enthusiasm is Steve Dunne, the warm, handsome man who announces Bob's show, and who has two youngsters of his own. One Sunday afternoon Stevie caught sight

of Dunne and came bounding over to announce breathlessly, "I LIKE you. Oh, I like you VERY much."

Malia, the baby, is so perfect at this stage that Bob says he'd like to put her in a deep freeze and keep her as she is forever.

The mother of this talented brood is, as one might guess, a woman of distinction in her own right. Born June Kuhn, Mrs. Crosby was within two years of having earned her M.D. degree when she and Bob were married. Now that her family is well launched, she is once again in college, enrolled at UCLA, and hopes to become Dr. June Crosby in June, 1955 or 1956.

She and Bob have a special song and recitative. The song is "Remember Me" and the commentary goes:

"... and if I'm not mistaken, dear, I'm paying still . . . ' the story of every happy marriage. The payments are made daily and the coin is love and devotion—two of the three most valuable things two people can share. The third is joy. It's important not only to give kiss for kiss, but smile for smile, laugh for laugh. For if it's true that tears are the salt of love, laughter must certainly be the pepper, the spice that keeps it gay and interesting. So when you hear a door slam and a voice call, 'Hey, honey, I'm home—remember me?' . . . don't think he's silly to talk that way at the end of a tiring day. Be glad he *wants* to. Let his gaiety be music to your ears and the sight of your smiling face will make him as happy as the sound of his voice has made you. Next thing you know, you'll be in each other's arms, laughing at something vague and wonderful, the only two people in the world. And his kisses will say 'For I'm the boy whose only joy is loving you . . .'"

Happy people, huh?

END



Corinne Calvet dances with Johnny Ray but her heart belongs to Jeff Stone.

"It's just that I have a terrible fright of doing shows," Doris told me candidly. "I used to do a lot of them. I used to go on the Bob Hope tours and I appeared before thousands of people. But since I've been making pictures, I'm sort of out of the habit. Now it's gotten to be a monster to me and I felt I just couldn't do the Academy Awards. I was petrified at the thought of it. I suppose it's silly because I don't have one nervous moment on the set. I'm sure you know how it is. When you haven't done something for a long while, you develop a terrific fear of it."

The mouthings of a gal with delusions of a Hollywood hotshot? Sounds more like the honest admission of a normal, sensitive human being.

Compounded with the whispers of snobbery were the snide whispers of temperament and self-indulgence. From every corner of Hollywood the surreptitious slanders had been put out. Doris Day had gone prima donna! First there were the reports that she was out to show Peggy Lee who was queen of the Warner roost. Unadulterated poppycock. Then Judy Garland was hoisted up as her rival and the gossip columns were shotgunned with reports that Doris was determined to indulge the same excesses which Judy ostensibly was being allowed to enjoy. They said that when Judy arrived late on the set, Doris followed suit and also showed up late, presumably to prove that anything Judy could get away with, Doris could get away with better.

Anyone for facts? Doris and Warner executives were appalled at these unfounded slurs. To begin with, neither Judy nor Doris has been party to any rivalry. Each realizes that the other is a completely different personality, ruling out even a basis for professional jealousy. Quite the contrary, they happen to be outspoken in their admiration for one another. They met several times while the poison pen kids were having a field day at their expense, and they were completely friendly.

The first thing you appreciate about

DORIS DAY IS NOT A SNOB

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

the anchor it has needed. She's changed and she's grown."

I had arranged to take personal depositions from Doris over lunch at the Green Room at the Warner Studio. I got there first—more out of eagerness than gallantry. As I awaited Doris' arrival everyone was sitting at his own table, minding his own business, concentrating on food and conversation.

The door opened. Doris breezed in, and the dining room immediately was transformed into a sea of greetings. Chairs scraped as the occupants scrambled to their feet. Faces which had been knotted in lunchtime frowns broke out in spontaneous smiles, and sunshine—genuine, the real article, not saccharine, sycho-phantic mush—spilled all over the place.

When she sat down at my table, the waitress hugged her and asked how she was. This was not, as it easily could have been, a theatrical or self-conscious gesture. Can you imagine a waitress allowing herself such a display with a stuck-up movie queen? This is a portrait of a snob? Puhleeze!

Doris had begged off singing her Oscar winning song, "Secret Love," at the Academy Awards presentation, and this, too, had furnished ammunition for those who delighted in crying snob. Doris faced the issue squarely when I put it to her, and her answer made it clear that her shunning of an Academy appearance was far from the act of a haughty beauty who considered such a performance beneath her.



Jane Powell and Terry Moore grace a big reception at home of Spike Jones.

Doris, of course, is that she's not putting on an act. She's not going to say what she doesn't believe. She's not going to be party to a hokum expedition because of publicity expedience, and she's not going to be led around by the nose. She holds her own beautifully, but she does it without a chip on her shapely shoulder, with consummate charm and graciousness, and without condescension.

Doris had driven over from her home in Burbank in Marty's merry Oldsmobile, a lush new green convertible job with the top down. She was wearing black cotton toreador pants, and over a black trimmed white linen sweater blouse, she'd put on a white cotton poplin shirt with four patch pockets, which she wore casually outside her breeches. She looked as fresh and bright as the morning sun in the poplin shirt with its Queen Anne collar framing her pretty neck, and unobtrusive but unusual red ringed ivory buttons. She was the soul of uncontrived and unaware simplicity. Her interesting gold loop earrings, she told me, were a gift from Marty.

"A special occasion?" she caught my question. "No. Marty just likes to do things like that. Why wait for a special day? He thinks it's more fun just to get me something when he feels like it."

Her mention of Marty made me confront Doris with the indictment of her behavior with the press—the petulant charge that she wouldn't talk with reporters, and that if she did she would clam up on such succulent subjects as her husband.

"That's absurd," she laughed disarmingly. "I'm always willing to talk about Marty because I think he's wonderful. He's very understanding. He really is, and he's got the most marvelous sense of humor."

Earlier conversation already had documented this stout assertion by Doris. From the moment she joined me, her thoughts were brightened with animated references to Marty. She explained that she had been a few minutes late, as a

matter of fact, because Marty had phoned her shortly before noon and asked if she could make lunch for him and two associates mapping production of Doris's forthcoming independent movie, "Yankee Doodle Girl."

Doris did concede that she is reluctant to discuss for publication intimate aspects of her home life, but she does not regard this as shutting out her public.

Although she was quick and firm to insist that she had, in the main, enjoyed a sympathetic press, for which she considered herself fortunate, Doris did not pretend that she was not occasionally dismayed and bewildered when she found herself the object of unwarranted and wholly imaginary broadsides.

"One month they are telling you how lovely you are," she smiled ironically, "and the next month they're hitting you over the head. So you just have to have a sense of humor about your career."

Doris is neither righteous nor pious about her convictions. They are genuine, however, and she doesn't tamper with them, even for the sake of publicity.

You cannot objectively assess her personality without realizing that she has been endowed with the rare magic of being wholesome without being trying, sincere without being pompous, straightforward without being offensive, lovable without being icky, friendly without being phony. In other words, a dream girl who does not live in a dream world.

For instance, I tossed at Doris that question about responsibility to her fans.

"I don't want to sound like I'm preaching," she admonished softly. "I'm not, really. I couldn't speak for anyone else. I just know what feels right for me, and it all has a little to do with religion. I think we have only one responsibility. That's to God. If you fulfill that responsibility, you've fulfilled all responsibilities. The more you think of it, that's what it boils down to."

This was by way of passionately pleading guilty to the shortcomings and inadequacies of other human beings, to vigorously disavowing any halo of infallibility with which her ardent admirers may have surrounded her.

Nobody is more eager than Doris to have it spread on the record that she is not a marble goddess, that she doesn't always smile, that she doesn't always have a sunny disposition, that she suffers moods and other discomforts, that she tires like anyone else, that she feels more pleasant at some times than others. She wisely sees the great danger in leading people to expect too much.

"They voted me Miss Bounce of 1950!" she recalled with a sweeping gesture as she put her hand incredulously to her head. "They hung that one on me! Miss Bounce! Well, I don't bounce all the time! I may have a fast walk, but I don't bounce all day on the set. Comes two or three o'clock on the set, and I get tired."

Doris refused to spare herself in producing testimony to support the engaging thesis that she is only human. And she is only human. Only on her being only human looks only divine.

The facts—not the fiction—on Doris Day are in. All those in favor say, "Ah!" **END**

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THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GIRL

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

by any means.

I've hit a few outs from time to time and, if you'll pardon the added pun, had a few foul-balls.

One of the gems in the collection of what a girl shouldn't be or do involved a sweet-faced kid. I'll call her Princess. That's what she looked like. Just as demure as you please. We had several dates. Nothing lavish. No parties or premieres but simply a movie and a sundae afterwards sort of thing.

So when a star-studded party came up on the social calendar I asked her along. She wasn't in the acting profession but she was interested and I thought she might get a kick out of it. She looked like a tiny doll when I went to pick her up. It felt good to be with her and it looked like the beginning of a wonderful evening.

We reached the party, I introduced her to my friends, mostly of the younger set, we danced once. And that was the end of the wonderful date. I took my attention from her for only a moment and the next thing I knew she was gone.

Some one remarked, "Look at the little social climber making eyes at the name value."

When I looked, it was the "Princess" making a pest of herself, chattering madly at anybody who was anybody, intimidating them into dancing with her and generally making herself the target-

hunter for the night. Even her exit was over-played. When I went to get her to leave she squealed loudly that we'd only just arrived.

"Let's consider ourselves here and gone," I snapped and piloted her out of the place.

I don't expect a girl to cling to my arm like a sleeve all night but she should at least let people know that you're the guy she came with.

I suppose the thing I expect most, not only in the girls but in all my friends, is pure, uncomplicated honesty. Honesty in ways and means, in mutual dealings in life and even in games. For after all, that's what our time here is in a way. A bunch of people playing what could and should be a beautiful game, and playing it for the rewards that can only be sweet when won fairly.

I've sometimes been accused of being wide-eyed and a trifle naive where things like morals and honor and friendships are involved. Yet I've found very few people who haven't had more of the best qualities than some pessimistic philosophers give mankind credit for. The few outlaws are just that. They trip themselves in time and find themselves alone.

People like Debbie, Terry, Lori and Marilyn will always be in demand as dates and friends. And as girls?

What can I tell you? I think they're great!!

END

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The first of YOUR Reviews will appear in the September issue of

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MY FRIEND ANN BLYTH

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

to some of the fellows she dated—and a number of them have told me so—it was simply because she was guarding herself from disappointments. She was never indifferent to anyone. She simply had to be sure.

How much Ann wanted a husband and a family I first noticed at Liz Taylor's wedding reception at the Beverly Hills Hotel about four years ago. Anxiously, Ann's eyes followed her, step by step, till Liz reached the bottom of the stairs. When Ann turned to me, her eyes were sparkling.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful to be married!"

After she met Jim, Ann didn't change abruptly. She isn't that kind of girl. Her mind is too orderly, too organized to suddenly go overboard on anything, or anyone. Love, for Ann, grew slowly, cautiously, and surely. It's one of the reasons her marriage is so secure.

Yet much of the credit should go to Jim as well.

Many Hollywood marriages have broken up because the husbands were jealous of their wives, couldn't adapt themselves to their careers, felt they were taking second place to all the glitter and attention that go with a movie career.

That'll never happen to Jim and Ann. You can tell how proud he is of his wife.

Jim never tires of letting everyone know, in Ann's presence or when she isn't around, how proud he is of her. Not that he has to tell it. His grin from ear to ear everytime someone pays Ann a compliment gives him away.

At the same time, Jim has never relinquished wearing the pants in the family.

They were at my house a short while ago, with two other couples. We were having a wonderful time when—about eleven—he suggested they leave.

I could see by Ann's expression that she would have liked to stay a little longer, and I decided to give her a helping hand.

"Why not wait till after we play another game?" I suggested.

"That would be fun," said Ann.

"It would be," Jim agreed. "But Ann has to get up early in the morning. She needs her sleep, particularly now. I'm sorry, but we have to go. . . ."

"Jim's the boss," said Ann, and it was obvious that she didn't mind.

Jim has helped Ann in many ways, mostly by simply being himself.

It was Ann's tenseness and over-seriousness that had given her a reputation of being so formal, so hard to understand or get close to. Unconsciously she built around herself a wall that was hard to penetrate, that would let few feel completely at ease in her company, no matter how hard they tried.

I recall some of our early telephone conversations, when, after a few minutes, there were long periods of silence. I had to "work" at keeping the conversation going even a little while, and I'm hardly the kind of girl who is often at a loss for words.

What a different Ann who called me a few weeks ago! Mom was helping me get ready for a preview when the phone rang.

"You don't have much time," she cautioned me when I picked up the receiver.

"I won't be long . . . it's Ann . . ."

This time I couldn't get off the phone for forty-five minutes!

One habit of Ann's I have always admired is her self-control. In the years I have known her, I can't recall a single instance when she has lost her temper. And she had more than one occasion for it.

Like when she read the article criticizing her relationship with her sister. I had expected her to call the writer, and tell him off. I would have. But instead of getting angry, Ann broke into tears. She couldn't comprehend how such a story could have appeared in print.

Ann is one of the few real perfectionists I know, not only in regard to her work, but in everything—from her own personal appearance to the everyday tasks at home and in the studio. I have never seen her leave her house without being immaculately dressed for the occasion. Even at home I have never seen her hair in curlers, her nails without polish, her clothes not pressed.

In whatever Ann does, she excels—and with such ease! A few years ago, Ann, Roddy McDowall, Marsh Thompson, and a number of others including myself met every Monday night for some kind of sport. We went ice skating, roller skating, riding—anything the majority enjoyed. Always Ann did better than any of us, and without any apparent effort.

A few weeks ago, while seeing "Rose Marie" I was sitting behind a couple who complimented and criticized Ann in the same sentence. "She did a beautiful job," said the girl. "But I bet like all of 'em she had a double do that riding scene."

Although I didn't know the people, I tapped the girl on the shoulder. "I beg to disagree," I insisted. "If Geronimo were alive, I bet Ann could ride circles around him."

I ought to know. Whenever we go riding together, I can't keep up with her no matter how hard I try.

She's the same way with games. Those who think Ann wouldn't know the answers should see her at a party when we play guessing games. She constantly amazes me by knowing answers to questions which the rest of us have to look up in the encyclopedia.

From time to time it has been speculated that if her career would ever interfere with her marriage, Ann would give it up. I believe that. But I don't believe it'll ever come to that point. She's too well organized, her heart and her mind too set on accomplishing both to ever quit show business. And she will be the one to prove that a girl can be successful in her marriage, in her career, set a spiritual example, and be happy all at the same time.

If there is anyone I would like to pattern my life after, it is Ann.

END



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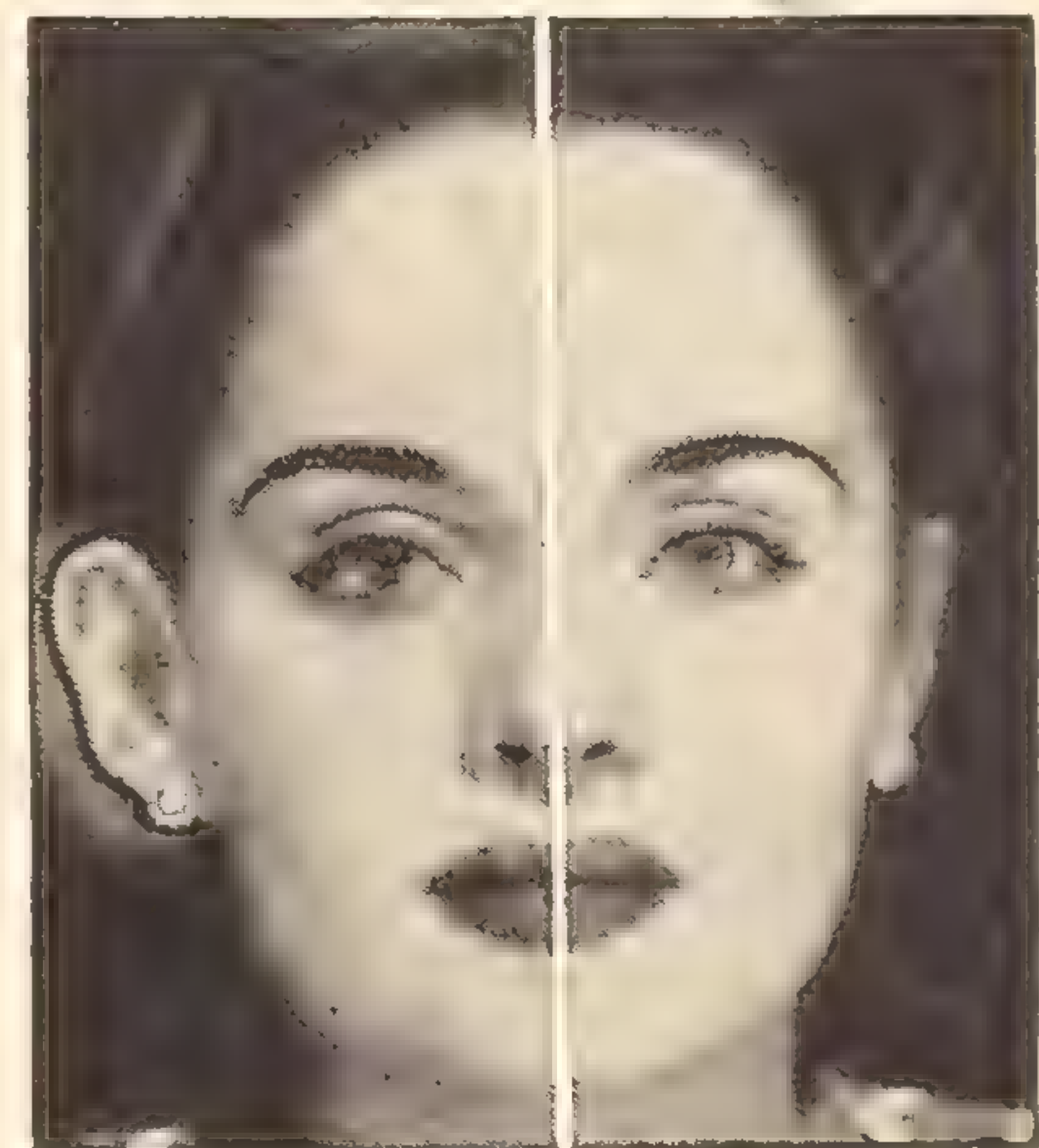
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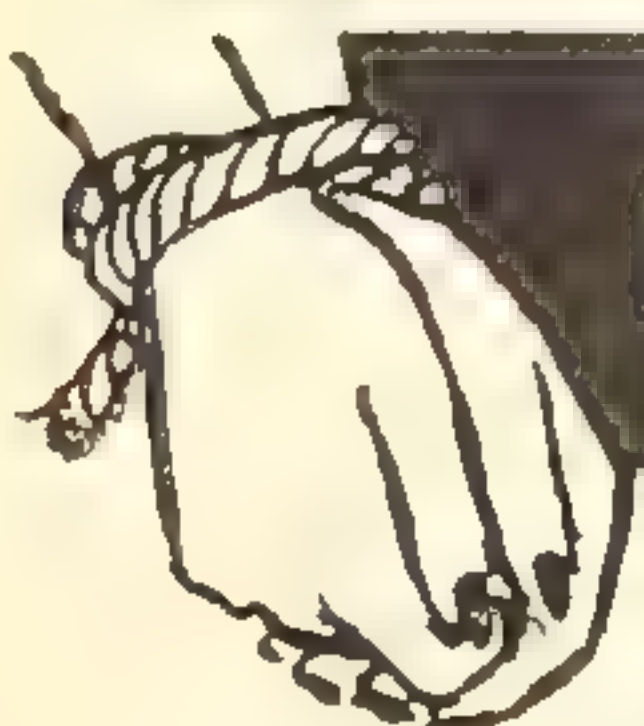
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HE LIKES 'EM FEMININE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26]

to be away from home throughout the day.

Howard admits he had seized upon the most serious aspect of a woman's life when he started off on the subject of motherhood, so he veered to a feminine facet on which he thinks with some degree of amusement—namely, nagging.

He confesses that he is blessed by the fact that his Helen is just not the nagging type, but he is not fooled by her basic strategy of using true feminine patience in changing her man. Howard is aware that he has changed since he married, but he says he often has not been hep until long after certain alterations in his behavior have been made, that they were actually his wife's handiwork.

An instance of this was the reversal of his policy about keeping his private life strictly private. Howard is a firm believer in this, but at one juncture he discovered he was carrying the matter to extremes.

He was so firm about keeping his family life private that he even refused to allow photographers to take pictures of him and Helen when they were out in public. For a long time he didn't realize that Helen was being made to feel out of things and that she would have enjoyed posing with him. And the reason that he didn't realize this is that she just didn't protest.

But by little signs from his wife now and then, Howard gradually realized that Helen was being embarrassed by this. He suddenly surprised the photographers one time at a premiere by posing with his wife and it immediately became apparent to him that Helen got a kick out of the incident. Now they no longer dodge the camera lads and everybody's happy, but the new policy was accomplished by Mrs. K. without a single line of dialogue.

"You see," Howard says, "that's what I mean by patience—that truly feminine quality—accomplishing much more than the nagging tongue. Fact is, I loved my wife much more for her uncomplaining consideration and tact than if she had hounded me to have our pictures taken together in public."

Another bugaboo is the athletic type of woman who tries to hide her femininity behind bulging biceps.

"This type of gal defeats herself from the outset," Howard says, "because in trying to best men in sports, a field the male considers his special domain, she tears the old masculine ego to shreds. And let's face it, we men don't like this at all.

"My wife finally took up golf, but either because I have been at the game longer or she is smart enough not to show me up, I usually win. I am also happy to note that she even manages to look like a woman in the clothes she wears while playing.

"Far be it from me to tell women how to dress," he laughs, "because this is a department that seems to belong very much to them. But I can only say that the clever woman is the one who accen-

tuates her femininity. I don't mean a girl has to use too much frou frou, but it seems to me she is missing the boat when she puts on a mannishly tailored suit.

"After all, the thing that makes a woman attractive to a man is the basic fact that she is a woman, and the more signs of this she uses in setting off her femininity, the surer she is of making an impression."

Since his own courtship of his wife is now a matter of history, Howard declares he would only appear to be a stodgy, old man if he sounded off too much in this direction.

"But I can tell you one thing," he says, "that it certainly isn't smart for a girl to allow aggressiveness to show when she sets her cap for a certain man. If she can't get him by the old game of cat and mouse, she had better not get him at all. Men often resent bitterly that they were cajoled, cudgeled and coerced into marriage, and when they are they don't make very loving mates. So what's the percentage to a girl if she uses the cave-woman method to snare her guy?"

Once snared, however, by whatever method, Howard believes the little woman should show her most feminine trick—that of creating the illusion in her husband's mind that he is really and truly head of the house.

"There's plenty of meaning in that old expression that a man's house is his castle, and if he doesn't have the impression that he's the big cheese there, then he's going to be a mouse. And you know the feminine aversion to mice.

"As a matter of fact there's a good example of what I mean in this respect in my last picture, 'Seven Brides For Seven Brothers.'

"The story concerns my trip down from the mountains to a small town, where I go to find a wife, simply to take care of the house where I live with my six mountaineer brothers.

"I happen to select Jane Powell, one of the most feminine persons I have ever known, and by the time the story ends she has done such a good job of being a woman—and making me think I'm king in my own home—that all six of my brothers go out and find brides.

"If women only knew how important it is for them to give their husbands the impression that they lean on the well-publicized male strength, they would never become domineering.

"Even if a woman actually knows that in reality she is the strong one of the union, she will be smart if she gives her husband the opposite impression. By so doing she is the one who wins and all she is sacrificing is that foolish business of pride.

"So you see why I like women to be feminine. I figure it is as much to their advantage as it is to the males. I'm not being arbitrary about it, you understand. That's just been my observation. But you ask any real man his ideas, and I'll lay you ten to one he'll agree with me." END

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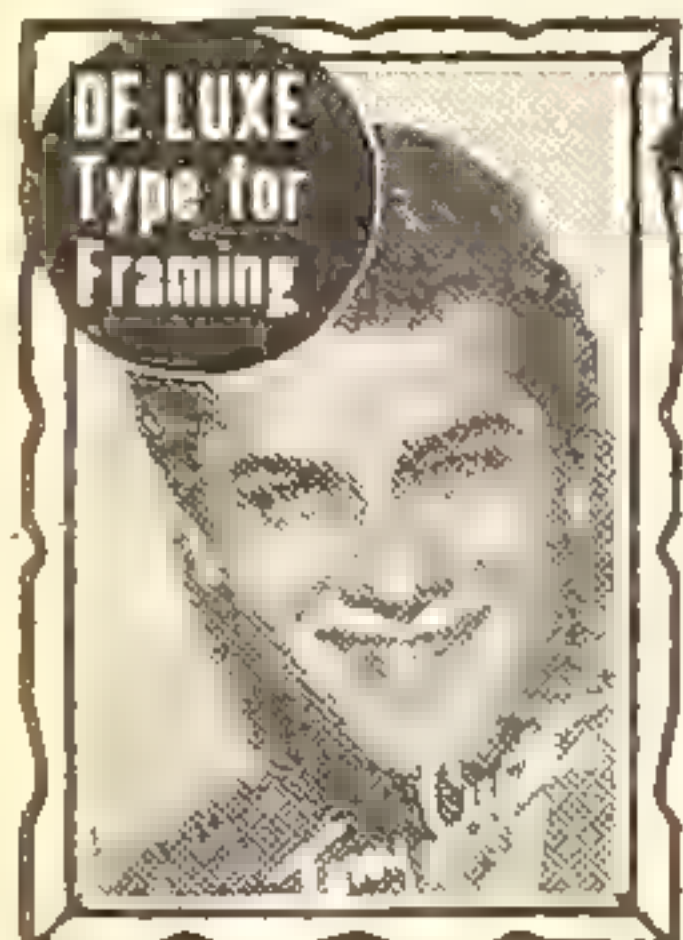


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CHARLTON HESTON'S LIFE AS MR. CLARKE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

is the Hestons' headquarters. "It's three hours from New York, seven from Hollywood," he says. "Not too bad, if you look at it that way."

And he adds, "At times, it can be very pleasant, just being 'Mr. Clarke.'" In this role, of course, his schedule is completely adjusted to hers. He drives her to the theatre and picks her up. "Also," he tells it, "I can act as a buffer at the stage door for her fans. Sometimes, I even go along on her interviews!" To hear him tell it, in fact, a guy called Charlton Heston, whom you couldn't miss on a foggy night at 600 paces, is suddenly a nobody.

And what does he do during Lyd's hours on the stage in "The Seven Year Itch?" Well, for one thing, their furnished apartment in Chicago lacked a desk in the living room. "It had to be a special kind of desk," says Chuck, "to fit into a small space." So one matinee afternoon he called up a decorator friend who told him where he could get an unpainted desk scaled to fit the space. By the time he had to call for Lyd at the Erlanger Theatre it was sanded, shellacked and neatly in place.

As for the rest of the time, he says, "Oh, I paint a little bit, maybe, or on Lydia's free afternoons I might take her to the Art Institute. I might even go to a movie, some evenings—if I can find one whose schedule coincides with mine, so I'll be in time to pick up Lyd."

Actually, Charlton Heston is never at loose ends. The painting is not a fetish taken up recently, as it is with many of the film colony. Like acting, painting was a childhood proclivity.

Lydia does her share of traveling as "Mrs. Heston" too. When Chuck did the "Macbeth" appearance in Bermuda, she was rehearsing in Chicago—but she flew down for his opening. He reciprocated by flying to Chicago for hers. Then, he had to come to the Coast for a Lux Radio Show. And later, when Chuck had to fly to Peru for the Paramount "Secret Of The Incas" location, Lydia was free for a week and flew right along.

It makes you dizzy even to see such a schedule in print, but, as Heston says, "It's all a matter of adjustment." For one thing, to make things a little easier, they now have four different homes. The Hestons have apartments in New York, Chicago and Hollywood. They're still small and unpretentious, just enough for the two of them—but while they're in them, that's home!

Then, of course, there is the large house in Michigan—surrounded by 1280 acres of forest land, a mile-wide lake, countless bears and deer, and even a pair of golden eagles. This is the country that Charlton Heston sprang from, that gave him the fabulous out-of-doors boyhood that is his heritage. And as far as he can see, on those thousand and more acres, the land belongs to him. This is only a parcel of the land that once belonged to his family; but it is what he sank his first savings into. And this is where the Hestons do

most of their relaxing. Not that they can spend much time there, now. But when they can shut their eyes and look back to that Michigan vista—that's refreshing in itself!

With the Hestons, it's not a matter of "a little separation is good for you" but a necessary evil that they take in stride. Lydia is one of the few people who gets away with giving him his full name, "Charlton." Other people just don't, settling for "Chuck." Otherwise, she refers to him as an amiable Saint Bernard. "He never sits in a chair," she says. "He envelops it. And when he sits on a sofa, even that gets lost. He's so big, and he somehow manages to get so comfortable you wouldn't believe a human being could be so completely relaxed."

Whichever home they're in, you can see Heston's relationship to the furnishings. They've reached a balance in that, too. Lydia, being dark and pretty, would naturally tend to crop out with touches of the frilly and the feminine. But does she put out dainty little ash trays for a pipe smoking man like Chuck? Nuh-uh! You can't picture him as the antique type, and neither does she!

Neither does he go for the spindly-legged type of modern favored by interior decorators. Chuck likes heavy, low pieces in keeping with his size; the kind that do everything but put up a sign saying, "Try me, I am comfortable!"

In their integrity as individuals Chuck and Lydia are a match for each other. Like every woman worth her salt, she cheerfully faces the fact that she dresses to please her man. But unlike most husbands, he is perfectly aware of what his wife is wearing. He even has definite ideas on the subject. He loves Lydia in big picture hats. She still goes on wearing chic, small ones. She's not the gal to go around suffering in the pretty shade of a picture hat—when they're just not the fashion!

Where will the business of two careers in one family ultimately take Chuck and Lydia Heston? Do they have the urge to settle down in one spot and, maybe, raise a family? Right now, Lydia is happy that her own long struggle is culminating in being very busy, indeed.

Chuck says, "Settle down? I can't act if I settle down!" This sounds as if he were saying, "I couldn't breathe if I couldn't act." He adds, "You can act in maybe one medium if you stay in one spot, but who wants that?"

And he's still discovering things about himself. Like what he terms "My year as 'Mr. Clarke.'" Looking thoughtful, he says, "You know, I've suddenly realized this has been going on for nine years. Even farther back than that, before Lyd and I were married, when we were both in the College of Speech at Northwestern. Aside from her parts in plays, she had to do crew work—lugging props and scenery and stuff. She was always in demand because I'd come along, all 200 pounds to help!"

END

EUROPEAN DATELINE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

as their up-and-down courtship, was perhaps the most publicized and most photographed marital event ever to take place in Rome. One major reason for the unusual coverage was the surprise appearance of guests Charlie and Oona Chaplin, who had come down from Switzerland. So many photographers swarmed around the Chaplins as they proceeded to climb the 200 odd steps leading to the entrance of the picturesque old Ara Coeli Church, that eager attendants at the top thought the bride and groom had arrived, and the signal was given to begin the wedding march. When the weary Chaplins finally made it to the entrance, those at the door realized the real reason for all the excitement, and the wedding march was hastily called off.

Dawn's arrival was not exactly without incident either. The Prince, well-known for his highly-volatile character, had been kept waiting just a bit longer than he liked, and when lovely Dawn finally made her appearance, he audibly berated her in front of all the spectators. What with wedding-nerves and all, Dawn started to weep as the wedding procession began its trek upwards, with the horde of photographers constantly blocking the way. One unlucky Italian journalist who had obviously asked an indiscreet question, received a sharp poke in the ribs from our nervous bride. I must say, however, that through it all, Dawn managed to look exquisite in her elegant Elizabethan-styled silvery white satin-and-lace gown in redingote style, created for her by Rome's famed couturiere, Mme. Antonelli. As befits a princess, her satin cap, also of Elizabethan design, was studded with pearls and precious stones.

Within the church, the solemn wedding atmosphere was shattered by the hundreds of photographers perched virtually in every sacred place, loudly urging the embarrassed couple to look this way and that. Even the priest gave up in despair, after a while.

Following the ceremony, the four hundred guests, representing the cream of Rome's society and cinema world, drove forty miles into the country to join family, servants and peasants for the gay open-air reception on the Prince's estate. Here a further surprise awaited them. The Prince and his entourage made their appearances in American-type blue jeans, blue denim shirts and colorful kerchiefs round their necks. Princess Dawn matched them in a handsomely-styled red and white peasant-motif dress, a matching red kerchief over her auburn locks, and daisies on her ears. Italian newspapers called it the "wedding of the century." No one was sure just how they meant it!

England's threat to usurp the international glamour-throne, beautiful Mara Lane was introduced to Rome at a gala party given in her honor at the Residence Palace. Mara, who insists she looks nothing like our Liz Taylor (is that bad) is here to co-star with Dennis O'Keefe in a new film thriller called "Angela." When queried, she said she just looooved Hollywood, and especially all those hot dogs and chocolate malteds and drive-ins. Can't wait to get back to make her next film for Hal Wallis. Much credit for Mara's rapid strides from starlet to star in one short year should be given to her most constant admirer, Jimmy Wolf, head of England's Romulus Film Productions. **END**

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SHE KEEPS HER GLAMOUR SHOWING

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22]

Indiana," "State Fair" and "Margie" were smash hits. But they planted Jeanne indelibly in the minds of moviegoers as the little girl in pig-tails and blue jeans that every man wanted to protect and every mother wanted to adopt.

"I think," says Jeanne, "that all this had something to do with the war. At that time there was a lot of stress on the little girl waiting at home for the young soldier. People weren't accepting glamour girls then as they are now. And it was good business, so the studio went along with it.

"I tried to get out of it," she recalls. "I'd go around to the producers' offices and ask for parts I knew I could do, but they wouldn't listen to me. I was sweet—and that was that."

It took three years before any recognition of Jeanne as a woman was given her at 20th Century-Fox. And it came from left field. One day a press agent walked into his boss's office waving a clipping from E. V. Durling's column and dropped it on the desk. It stated that Jeanne, along with four of the famed ladies of the day, was in Durling's opinion, one of the most beautiful women in America.

"You'd have thought," says Jeanne, "that this would have given somebody an idea. That it might have suggested that I was now a woman and not a little girl. But it didn't. And then someone wrote that I looked well in tight blue-jeans. Well, this sort of thing was frowned upon immediately and I was shoved quickly into another role that called for mud on the face and pig-tails hanging about my shoulders."

These were the early days—and the problems. And even though Jeanne played in several sophisticated films, such as the controversial "People Will Talk" and "Letter To Three Wives," in later years, she was still, as far as the producers and publicity bosses were concerned, just about the farthest thing from a femme fatale a man could find in a month of looking.

Scandal, some of the wise boys in Hollywood say, is the way to sexy roles on the screen. But Jeanne had little stomach for that route. And she didn't believe it was true. The only breath of sensationalism that ever touched her was at the time of her marriage, and then it was understandable to her fans. Jeanne's mother, as mothers have done before and will in the future, thought that Jeanne was too young to marry. She was twenty. Finally it came to a showdown. Ten days before the ceremony there was a tearful session at which Jeanne announced she was in love with Paul Brinkman and was going to be his wife. She left the house to stay with friends until the wedding—and the magazines tried to make much of it. But the marriage worked out well—and that first walkout of her life has been forgotten.

On the day she walked out of 20th Century-Fox, Jeanne made an appointment with one of the most successful

press agents, Russell Birdwell. Birdwell had conducted the campaign that included the search for a Scarlett O'Hara—and made Vivien Leigh a star. He met a rather ungainly Swede named Ingrid Bergman when she got off the train in Hollywood and made her the number one screen idol in a year. He made Carole Lombard the mad-cap she appeared to be to the world. He knew his business.

Jeanne sat in his office and told him her story.

"I've been through the adolescent bit," she said. "And right now—without any transition—I'm America's favorite mother. I have four children I adore. But I don't think I'm entitled to a medal or canonization for that. I love my family and my husband. But I want to play, more than anything, WOMEN. Sexy, desirable, exciting women. I'm young. I think I'm as attractive as most girls in Hollywood. And I'm a good actress. What do I do?"

The campaign got under way immediately. The first things Birdwell prescribed were a brighter lipstick for public appearances, doe-eyes and an exotic eye shadow. Then came the hair cut. Jeanne gave up the long tresses that seemed to be one of the labels of her immaturity and blossomed out in something that became known as the Bob Cat Bob, a short, disheveled coiffure that reeked of abandon but was very smart. It created quite a stir.

"It was all very exciting," said Jeanne. "For the first time columnists and writers began asking me about myself and my career and about what I thought of styles and spicy current events. In the early days they used to ask me what I did that was wholesome. And later on the first thing they'd say to me was 'How are the kids?' It was fun to be grown-up."

Jeanne's ideas on the subject of growing up—at the very proper age of twenty-seven—were well thought out.

"Becoming a woman, after being a little girl for so long," she says, "is a very difficult procedure. It has a lot to do with courage and integrity. If you are going to be an artist you can't constantly dilute your personality to suit what other people think of you. Or to follow the line of publicity that has been given out on you or the roles that are handed to you. That has been done to me. My personality, while it has not been falsified, has been diluted. The part they didn't like they just left out. They took the stand that my audience was exclusively teen-agers—instead of teen-agers and adults. Everybody has something that is eccentric about him. Everybody should just let the cork blow out of the bottle sometime. But if I have ever done any simple little thing that seemed odd, the reaction was always: 'Well, I can't imagine YOU doing a thing like that!'"

"Once I made the remark in front of a lot of newspaper people that I didn't see why it made a woman more seductive to

have been in love with fifteen men and not been able to hold one of them successfully—than to be just in love with one man and make him happy. But not one of them printed it. They even thought that was too spicy for little Jeanne Crain to say!"

Out of the welter of material that Russell Birdwell got together and fed to the press, there was one exotic bit of information that was really true and really Jeanne Crain, but it hardly saw type. It was about Jeanne's theory on moon-bathing.

"I read somewhere," Jeanne said, "that air is very good for the skin—and that people shouldn't wear any more clothes than they have to. And I believe that the rays of the moon are particularly beneficial."

"We have a lot of privacy on the seven acres surrounding our home and I take moon baths. I have a little studio up on a hill where no one else in the family is allowed. On warm nights I go up there and take nude moon baths. If I find life

becoming a little too complex, a moon bath helps me. It wipes away tension from my face. I have solved many of my most difficult problems lying alone up on my hill beneath the moon and the stars."

Sometime this summer Jeanne Crain will be in Paris finding out if her theories about becoming a woman at last—after mothering four children and all—are correct. She'll be playing a racy chick in a picture called "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes." She will be alone, because her husband's business will keep him in California. She will find out professionally and personally—in gay Paree—if she's been cheated all these years, and if becoming a siren is what she really wants.

But maybe even the Parisians won't recognize her. Maybe, as she steps from some fancy cafe, chic and elegant, a French counterpart of the autograph fans outside Romanoff's will look at her in uncertainty, and after she's gone sidle over to the doorman and ask: "Oo waz zat?"

And the doorman will answer: "'Ead of a cabbage, zat waz Jeanne Crain!" END

DOROTHY KILGALLEN'S EXCLUSIVE MOVIE GOSSIP

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

work while he's on location, away from their Beverly Hills home. They admit to being insanely jealous of each other—but otherwise a perfect pair . . .

Monty Clift's current flame is an actress named Mira Rostova.—They're inseparable . . .

Marlon Brando has discovered Joan Diener, the glamorous young star of the Broadway musical, "Kismet." Marlon detests musicals usually, but he has been at the "Kismet" performances at least twice weekly since dating the Diener doll, and attired in a natty blue suit, complete with neat shirt and tie—no T-shirt or torn shirt . . .

Ava Gardner's gypsy dance costume in "The Barefoot Contessa"—a tight white sweater and skirt—will vie with Jane Russell's "French Line" wardrobe as the year's most talked about screen attire . . .

Greg Bautzer is doing a Zachary Scott—wearing a gold earring in one ear. He sported it in Palm Springs and created a minor sensation. The golden circlet was given to him by Guy Madison's agent, Helen Ainsworth . . .

Jon Hall switched from Mamie Van Doren to Lori Nelson the day he announced that the reconciliation with Frances Langford had failed. After two dates with Lori he was back with Mamie—the Nelson lass wasn't having any of the torch-carrying Hall's dinner-date dialogue, all of it concentrated on his being the Misunderstood Male . . .

The first American to witness the new Ginger Rogers-Jacques Bergerac film,

"Twist Of Fate," was New Yorker Earl Blackwell, President of Celebrity Service, who flew to Paris for his annual holiday. It was Blackwell who introduced Ginger to Jacques in Paris two years ago when the actress toured Europe for the very first time. The screening was held during a surprise party tossed by the Bergeracs in honor of Earl. For this special occasion, a banquet room at the Hotel Ritz was furnished exactly like the Pen & Pencil Restaurant in New York—complete with replicas of Pen & Pencil chairs, tables, portraits and sizzling sirloin steaks, to duplicate the scene of many a gala party given by Blackwell in honor of the Bergeracs . . .

Judy Garland and hubby Sid Luft are aiming at a remake of "Dancing Lady," one-time Joan Crawford starrer that included Franchot Tone and Clark Gable and was notable for the screen debuts of Fred Astaire and Nelson Eddy. With "A Star Is Born" destined to coin a mint of money, the Garland-Luft production set-up will proceed with a one-a-year filming schedule. The original "Dancing Lady" musical score would be retained since it included such popular tunes as "Everything I Have is Yours" and the title song . . .

Jeffrey Stone, formerly known to fans as Jon Fontaine, is Corinne Calvet's idea of the Perfect Husband Number Two. They'll waltz down the aisle as soon as she and John Bromfield are divorced . . .

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YOUR GUIDE TO CURRENT FILMS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

Sydney, and his son, Stanley Baker. The surly whalers refuse to give him any clues which would suggest foul play. Just as Ladd learns the truth from a sailor who has been placed in the brig the man is mysteriously killed by a whaling knife. Grim hatred and murder continue after the ship is wrecked and the small group is marooned on an icepack. Baker continues to try and kill any of the remaining crew who point an accusing finger at him. Finally, he and Ladd engage in a life-and-death fight. Ladd comes out victorious just as a rescue ship spots the survivors. Film offers much action and little talk. Some unusual scenes show a whaling expedition. Warwick Production. . . Columbia.

Johnny Dark

THE sports car industry and its competitive border-to-border races are the all-absorbing interests of auto designer Tony Curtis, and his engineer aide, Don Taylor. Secretly they've worked out their own model based on patents of their employer, Sidney Blackmer, and his Fielding Motors. Blackmer, however, doesn't know of the boys' extracurricular activities and is only enlightened during a stockholders' meeting in which the board demands a new model and Tony's is introduced. Joining Curtis and Taylor in assembling the car are Paul Kelly and Piper Laurie, Blackmer's granddaughter. Although the quartet weathers the inevitable love triangle, clashes of temperament and front office discouragements, the real test is if the car will weather the grueling Canada to Mexico endurance test. The inclusion of actual footage from the competition gears this above-average film for added thrills. Universal-International.

The Yellow Tomahawk

BRISTLING with excitement, this cavalry-versus-Indian saga provides off-beat

treatment to a familiar theme. This time the white man is presented in a villainous light. Army scout Rory Calhoun learns from Cheyenne brave Lee Van Cleef that his tribesmen are planning to revenge the massacre of one hundred of their women and children. The retaliation is aimed at company commander Warner Anderson who ordered the slaughter. The attack is successful, although Anderson manages to escape. Calhoun and the remaining regiment are offered safety back to the fort if they will turn Anderson over to the Cheyennes. They refuse, but a conflicting report seeps back to the post. The commanding general is forced to choose between Anderson and Calhoun's explanations and the possibility of war or peace. Paired with Calhoun during film's lighter moments are Peggie Castle, Noah Beery and Rita Moreno. United Artists.

"Them!"

NEW MEXICO STATE policemen James Whitmore and Chris Drake are baffled by the brutal murder they come across while patrolling a desert area. Only clue is a huge footprint which they can't identify as human. Sole survivor is a six-year-old girl who has been shocked into speechlessness. Doctor Edmund Gwenn and his daughter, Joan Weldon, help the child, but the only word she can utter is "Them! . . . them!" The FBI is called into the case and detective James Arness decides that the murderer was some fantastic monster. Gwenn, an entomologist, suggests the animal fiend must still be hiding in the desert. Arness, aided by a helicopter, discovers an underground hideaway and destroys the creature. But he soon learns that there is a nest where two large eggs have split open and two new-born flown away. Rest of the film deals with the hair-raising search to capture the hideous monsters before they murder more people. This will scare the curl out of your hair. Warners. END

WHAT HOLLYWOOD ITSELF IS TALKING ABOUT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

that the former child star's mother has to close up the purse strings. There was a time when kids (like Jackie Coogan) wound up with nothing, but nothing, left in their kicks from the plush days.

One of the most spectacular couples in town, perhaps next to the Bing Crosby-Grace Kelly appearance, was Johnny Ray with Corinne Calvet when the boy singer arrived for his part in "There's No Business Like Show Business." Calvet's real heart interest, Jeffrey Stone, was in New York at the time, so she also went out and around with her ex, John Bromfield. Another eye-popper—when Jane Powell and Pat Nerney nodded and smiled cordially to her ex, Geary Steffen, at Hollywood's newest hangout, the Tablehoppers. This is the club that is owned by Holly-

wood's most eligible bachelors. Veddy private and veddy chic.

Young John Carlyle, the handsome young part-Indian boy whom you will see for the first time in "A Star Is Born," was guest of honor at a party and rather quietly let it drop that he'd be inheriting a fortune when the leaves turn. It's not going to interfere with his acting career because he just plain wants to be a star more than anything in the world. John was with Sharon Dexter and his pal, Craig Hill, and looked very happy with Carole Lee Ladd on his arm. This is one of the cutest and nicest gals anywhere.

The new house Fred MacMurray bought was in the throes of much re-decorating when this went to press and



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you couldn't get an even bet anywhere about when June Haver would go in as Mrs. Mac, any more than you could on where they would be married.

Imagine Gene Tierney got pretty tired of being asked about her romance with Aly Khan. Big hang-up seemed to be that she didn't want to give up her career. But she did sell her Beverly Hills home and sent all the furniture back to Connecticut. Well, you never know about these here movie stars.

Helen Traubel, kicking up a breeze in her first big movie role, MGM's "Deep In My Heart," has had a ball dancing it up with Jose Ferrer in this film about the life of Sigmund Romberg. This amiably relaxed, gifted star of opera may become one of the screen's best comedienne—anyway we hope so. Her latest caper is to drive to work in one of those teeny, tiny sports cars. In other words, she really knows how to live it up.

Very confusing. While they were in Mexico on a picture location, Dale Robertson and Mary Murphy were closer than six-thirty. Same when they returned to Hollywood. Now she's saying they're just friends. Okay, so they're just friends.

After umpteen spats with Gwenn O'Connor, Dan Dailey's made up with the gal again and they're dating, but not exclusively. Charlotte Austin, young 20th Century-Fox starlet, is the other gal in big Dan's life.

Swiping a few days from a crowded television schedule in New York, the beautiful Lisa Ferraday popped into Hollywood to arrange to do several television shows, a movie or two, and a TV series on the West Coast, then back to New York before anybody knew she was here—except the lunch crowd at Romanoff's, which included Clark Gable—looking more like Rhett Butler every day.

One of the surprise duos at Mocambo to be spellbound by Mary McCarty—Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas. Gad, that was considered yesterday's news and Mary Castle was considered today's with the Latin type. Nevertheless, there they were, right out in public, and looking quite fondly at each other while they were stepping off a rumba or two. The spark must have been rekindled for soon after that Arlene and Fernando announced their plans to be married later in the year.

Carole Ann Beery, daughter of the famous Wally, and Don Hayden—who comes from a famous family himself, are now Mr. and Mrs. H. but were sweethearts sometime ago. Met in their teens when both were taking dramatic lessons from his mom and pop, Lela Bliss and Harry Hayden, in Hollywood. The kids will live way off up the Malibu Coast, in the general direction of Peter Lawford and his bride, Pat Kennedy.



The stars trade gossip items too. When Janet and Tony Curtis ran into Jeff Chandler at the "Magnificent Obsession" premiere their vacation was big news.

Been wondering about whatever happened to Julie Harris, the slim, fragile, potent actress whose one Hollywood picture, "Member Of The Wedding," didn't show her off like on the stage. She's back in the Hollywoods for the John Steinbeck novel, "East Of Eden," which should be one hummer of a picture.

It gets later every minute. While Bing Crosby took a summer layoff, his oldest sprout, Gary, took over on his show. Even got his own name on the thing. Shux, looks like Gary's on his way to making it same as his old man.

When Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis took off cross-country on one-night stands that paid them a fabulous price for an hour's work a night, they carried their troupe of some thirty-five souls in a special train that cost them a mint. The trip paid them several mints, so they should worry.

When the divorce settlement between Gail Russell and Guy Madison came up for signing, Guy was determined to have the entire thing washed up, clean and free. Gail had a great stand-by in Guy, who tried to help her out of her particular blind alley. Understand the girl's trying to make it with a combination of religion and psychiatry, which should do the trick.

Marilyn Monroe must be awful sick of moving. Since her marriage to Joe DiMaggio, they've traveled about like gypsies. Now that she's installed in her new rented manse she's trying to keep its location a secret from everyone. Fans used to come to her Doheny Drive apartment and scratch mash messages on her front door.

It was almost like school had let out the day Rosalind Russell arrived back in Hollywood from a near two-year absence

on Broadway in the show "Wonderful Town." In a freshly decorated home, she plunked down her trunks and took a rest before starting her new film musical, "The Girl Rush," which probably will co-star the fabulous Imogene Coca.

So guess who's in the new edition of Who's Who. Marilyn Monroe and Cyd Charisse, no less. There was a time that even people who went to movies were automatically black-balled from this volume.

Another Latin type who had wife trouble, Vittorio Gassman, very obligingly gave out with the statement that he was not going to put any obstacles in the way of Shelley Winters' divorce—got an attorney to represent him in Hollywood on the thing, which was uncontested. Wonder if Shell wasn't a little disappointed—she generally likes a good scrap.

About the plum-est role in 1954 will fall right in Bob Mitchum's lap—the doctor in "Not As A Stranger." This should do for this boy, if he's nice and minds his manners, what "From Here To Eternity" did for Monty Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frankie Sinatra. No matter what else can be said about Mitch, he sure does know how to act. On the screen, that is.

Marjorie Main made the news when she went off on a trip to Europe and left a will which gave most of her considerable fortune to hospitals. However, she remarked a few weeks after legalizing this document that she found out who all her false friends were after the news got out.

When Betty Hutton and Charles O'Curran decided to cancel their marriage, her two little girls rather hopefully hoped that she might marry their daddy, Ted Briskin, again. Would be a good idea—they're both nice folks. END

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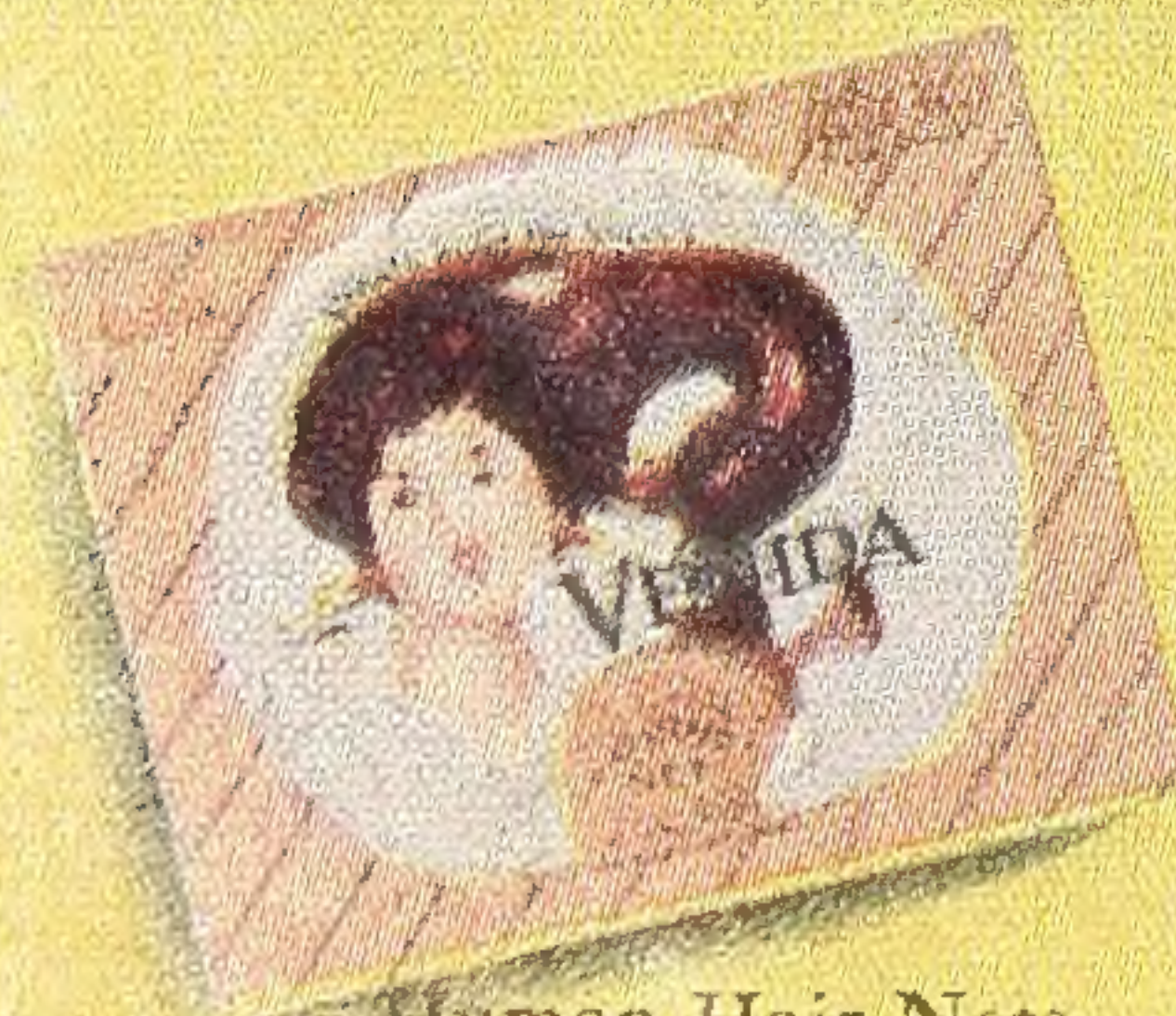
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